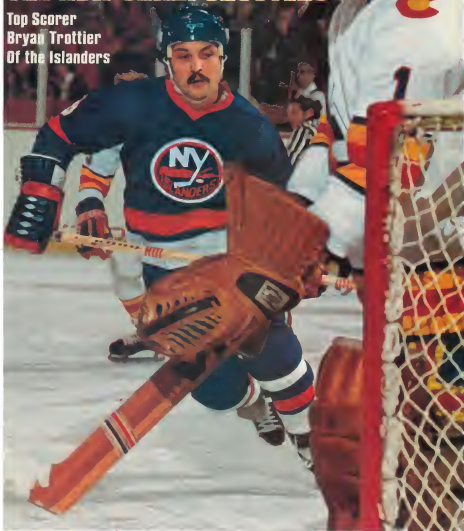


Sports Illustrated

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THE NEW SHARPSHOOTERS

Top Scorer
Bryan Trottier
Of the Islanders



The sign of a rare welcome all over the world.



THE RACKET THAT QUIETLY SHOOK UP THE TENNIS WORLD.

THE ARTHUR ASHE COMPETITION RACKET.



"When I walked onto the court in 1969 with my new racket, some players felt it was too radical. I knew it felt just right."

Arthur Ashe, Jr.

Nobody can tell you which racket is right for you. You have to feel it on the court.

Head® Tennis successfully blended the power of metal with the feel of wood when they built the Ashe Competition racket. And the Comp's revolutionary open throat design proved it could give you less twisting and more control on off-center hits than traditionally designed rackets.

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YOU'LL FEEL IT IN YOUR RACKET HAND

The Ashe Comp racket I use is perfect for me. And if you're a better player, chances are one will feel terrific in your hand, too.

But there's more to the Competition line than the Competition series. I really believe there's a Head racket that's right for just about every tennis player.

THE HEAD PROFESSIONAL

The Pro is designed for a person who likes to play fast and hard. Its elliptical head shape elongates the sweet spot. And because the aluminum is extruded in a hexagon, the Pro is firm and strong and powerful.



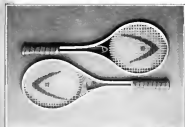
The broad, angular open throat helps prevent twisting to help you keep the ball in play.

THE HEAD MASTER.

Head planned the Master for the intermediate player. Its round head shape and round sweet spot make it more forgiving than traditional rackets. So the Master has just the right blend of power and control for intermediates to advance their games.

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Before you buy a racket consider your strengths and weaknesses, how you play now and how you'd like to be playing. Then pick up a Head demo at your pro shop and play with it. If a racket feels right, it more than likely is right. And I know you'll find a Head racket that feels that way. I did.



WE PLANNED IT THAT WAY.



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Wodka vs. Vodka



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From the 15th Century.*

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settle for anything less than the taste of Wodka.*

The colder, the better. Straight.

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Instead of vodka, ask for Wodka.

*Wodka Wyborowa (Vib-a-rova) from Poland.
Instead of Vodka.*

Arsonists are burning everyone.

Arson today accounts for more than 40% of all property losses from fire. This destruction amounts to over four billion dollars a year. And arson cases are rising by about 12% annually.

These fires are set for many reasons, but primarily to collect on the insurance.

The insurance companies, with the cooperation of the police and fire departments, are doing everything they can to take the profit out of arson. And a National Fire Prevention and Control Administration now has been set up by the federal government.

Despite these efforts, more insurance dollars are being paid out for crooked fire losses. So premiums have to go up to cover them.

Insurance, after all, is simply a means of spreading risk. Insurance companies collect premiums from many people and compensate the few who have losses.



For an informative booklet discussing the problem of arson, write to the Advertising Department, Crum & Forster, Morristown, New Jersey 07960.

The price of insurance must reflect the costs of paying for those losses and the expenses of handling them.

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But we're telling it straight.*

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Now you can sit in on the action! Be a witness to real-life dramas with an automatic scanner by MacDonald. Monitor police, fire and emergency calls as they happen! Monitor all other public-service messages, too.

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Both of these MacDonald scanners feature the lowest price tag we've ever offered. Just in time for Christmas! On sale through December 24 at larger K mart stores across the U.S.A.

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

ROCKY'S FIRST FILM WAS ALL FISTS, AND NOW HIS FIRST NOVEL IS ALL THUMBS

These are hard times for the first novelist—hard, that is, unless he happens to have a socko box-office byline. Most young writers have to resort to little magazines and small presses if they want their apprentice work to see the light of day. If, on the other hand, the first novelist is named Sylvester Stallone—well, that is another kettle of fish altogether.

Sylvester Stallone has "written" a "novel." Quottrion marks are necessary because the book *Paradise Alley* (Putnam, \$8.95) contains almost no evidence that Stallone knows how to write or how to organize a novel. *Paradise Alley* is unalloyed trash, so bad in every way that it would get an F in a creative writing class. But such considerations must not count for much in the offices of Stallone's publisher, which has rushed the book into print on a wave of publicity.

The reason, of course, is that Stallone is a celebrity. Stallone is Rocky, the celluloid pugilist who put a lump in the nation's throat and elevated muscular uplift to a profitable, if not necessarily fine, art. Everybody loves Rocky, everybody loves Stallone—and if you put two and two together it adds up to a potential best-selling book, and minimal literary standards be damned.

For the record, *Paradise Alley* has to do with three Italian brothers striving to escape New York's Hell's Kitchen in the summer of 1946. One brother is very strong and becomes a wrestler. The book grinds to its climax, which is, of course, the brother's big match. When the big match is over, the book is over. None too soon.

Stallone doesn't seem to know basic grammar, and he uses "you" and "ya" in the same sentence, interchangeably. He writes in a style that seeks to be spare and dramatic but merely sounds like Dick and Jane gone punch-drunk. Try this passage:

"Victor watched Cosmo leave, then he looked at Lenny.

"He did not feel good about the way Cosmo had talked to Lenny.

"He knew the ice in the truck was melting.

"He knew his dog was getting lonely.

"But he could not leave until he knew Lenny was not mad."

In a way this is rather funny: see the movie star get literary pretensions and make a fool of himself, ha, ha, ha. But when one thinks about all the good, serious writers who can't get published, it is not funny. At \$8.95, *Paradise Alley* is the ripoff of the year. **END**

Conventional 100's Give Way To Merit Taste Science.

'Enriched Flavor' technology achieves taste level
of higher tar 100mm cigarettes.

For years, smokers of longer length cigarettes were limited to brands that needed high tar to deliver full flavor.

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The MERIT taste science that brought full flavor to low tar smoking has now been applied to a longer length cigarette. The result: a 100mm cigarette that delivers taste way out of proportion to tar.

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Thousands of smokers were tested. The results: overall, they liked the taste of MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar 100mm brands tested.

MERIT and MERIT Menthol. King Size and 100's.

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT

Kings & 100's



NEW CHEVY MONZA. FEWER YEN, MAYBE. ANY SPORTY FOREIGNER.

As a matter of fact, this new Chevy Monza is priced lower than all imported hatchbacks, except Honda Civic, Mazda GLC, Plymouth Arrow, and Renault LeCar.

Money can make a world of difference. Especially when it

comes time to buy a new car. Especially when you're looking for a set of wheels with some style. Like the new Chevy Monza.

Chevy Monza's a fastback hatchback that looks like a million. That attracts the eye and turns the head. When you've got

the wheel of a Monza, you've got a lot going for you.

But let's be real for a minute, now. Couldn't a Datsun 200 SX, a Toyota Celica GT, or a VW Scirocco do the same? Well, maybe. But they couldn't do it for the same



78 Chevy Monza 2+2 Hatchback Coupe.

MARKS, LIRA, FRANCS, OR BUCKS THAN HATCHBACK. \$3661*

Because the Chevy Monza shown above, equipped with available sport mirrors and wheel moldings, is priced \$1,678* less than a Toyota Celica GT Liftback. \$1,138* less than a Datsun 200 SX. \$2,034* less than a VW Scirocco.

The new Chevy Monza. Quite a car. Quite a price. No matter what language you speak.

*Price and price comparisons based on manufacturers' suggested retail prices including dealer prep. Tax, license, destination charges and available

equipment extra. Prices differ in California.



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. ROYLE

FLUBBED

The Pittsburgh Penguins of the National Hockey League, who made a couple of bad trades earlier this season, made a real bummer last week with the Montreal Canadiens. The dismal Penguins sent Pierre Larouche, an outstanding 22-year-old center who scored 53 goals two years ago, and "future considerations" to the powerful Canadiens for Peter Mahovlich, a 31-year-old center whose best games are behind him, and Peter Lee, a mediocre minor league winger.

The Penguins tried to explain the deal by saying that Mahovlich, who played on four Stanley Cup winners in Montreal, brings a winning attitude to a team that has never won anything.

Alas for Pittsburgh fans, and alas for the NHL, John A. Ziegler, the new league president, failed to take action on the trade, which makes already heavily favored Montreal practically overwhelming. Ziegler could have done what Bowie Kuhn did two years ago when the baseball commissioner stopped Charlie Finley's fire sale of the Oakland A's, but Ziegler flubbed his first major chance to improve the league competitively. His silence promises more trouble for a sport up to its helmets in difficulties.

HOT WHEELS

The dog ads in *The New York Times* recently carried the following under the heading AT STUD: PORSCHE, '73 911T, MAGS, STEREO, PIRELLI TIRES, KONI SHOCKS 212-674-8291 ANYTIME.

FIGURING SKY KING

Sluggish Dave Kingman has hit some shots playing against the Cubs in Wrigley Field. Two summers ago while with the Mets, Sky King hit a ball that soared over the fence in left center and across Waveland Avenue and finally struck the porch of the third house up the block on Kenmore Street, 600 feet away. Now that the Cubs have signed Kingman to a five-year contract for \$1.2 million, there is talk that he will break Roger Maris' asterisk

record of 61, what with the left-field fence only 365 feet away up the power alley.

Faint hope, says Robert H. Kingsley of the Kingsley Baseball Service in Rockville, Md., a specialist in home runs. According to Kingsley, whose mathematical calculations take into account such factors as Kingman's career home runs per at bats (15) and the distances at Wrigley Field, Sky King will fall far short of the record. "He's going to hit three or four memorable homers for distance," says Kingsley, "and fans are going to talk about them. But my figures show that the fences don't do him as much good as they do shorter home-run hitters." O.K., so how many homers is Kingman going to hit next season? "Fifty is the most probable number," says Kingsley, "and the guy has to play every day to do that."

VEGETABLE POWER

According to an old saying, there is no one with endurance like the man who sells insurance, and a couple of Florida insurance men are well on the way to proving it. John N. Peele, 28, and Brian E. Hassell, 27, are running across the United States to promote the benefits of vegetarianism. They left their hometown of Orlando on Oct. 1, World Vegetarianism Day, and last week, after averaging 45 to 50 miles a day, with Sundays off to forage for food, they passed through Lubbock, Texas, the midway point. They expect to reach Los Angeles on New Year's Day.

So far they have been given the keys to several cities, even in the heart of Texas cattle country, where Peele announced, "People are literally addicted to the poisons found in meat." Peele and Hassell begin each day at eight by downing three tablets apiece of bee pollen and then do 350 push-ups, 50 to 100 sit-ups and up to half an hour of stretching exercises for the legs and lower back. Before starting on the road, they have one or two cups of ginseng tea and vitamin C and E supplements. After running half the day's distance by noon, they lunch

on fruit or carrot juice and alfalfa and/or wheat sprouts. The sprouts are grown en route in trays inside a camper driven by Peele's wife, Nancy.

After finishing the day's run at six, they chow down with a salad of sprouts, raw spinach, carrots and cauliflower. They already consider their run a success for vegetarianism. Most people, says Hassell, expect vegetarians to be "pale and sickly. I think we've proved them wrong."

THE HOLE IDEA

A couple of weeks ago we told you about John Bennett of East Peoria, Ill., who invented a baseball bat with a 19-degree bend in the handle. Now we present another inventor who has gone batzy. Joe Martino of Brooklyn, who has patented the Prac-Bat, which has a big hole in it.

The hole, seven by 3½ inches, is in the meat or "sweet" part of the bat. A batter who swings at the ball and misses as it goes through the hole knows that his swing is on target and that had he been using a regular bat he would have made solid contact with the ball.



A good-field, no-hit ballplayer in the Army, Martino dreamed of being a 400 hitter and making the majors. He never did get near 400, or the majors, but he did dream up the Prac-Bat six years ago as a tool to improve hitting. Neighborhood kids have gone wild over it. The Prac-Bat corrects the hitter who tends to roll or twist his wrists too soon, because then the ball can't enter the hole. Similarly, the Prac-Bat corrects a tendency either to uppercut or to chop down at the ball.

Martino is now trying to find a man-

continued

When it comes to buying a 35mm SLR, foresight is less expensive than hindsight.



The time to find out what you need in a 35mm SLR is before you buy it, not after.

Because a camera that meets your needs is a good buy. And a camera that doesn't is a bad buy at any price.

Know thyself. First of all, look ahead to what you'll want to do with the camera. Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. To name a few: interchangeable finders and viewfinders, motorized film winding, self-timers, multiple-exposure capability and automatic exposure control. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills. Don't buy more camera than you need. Or less.

Match-needle or electronic auto-exposure? Minolta makes both kinds, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

A match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta's match-needle models, the SR-T 200, the SR-T 201 and the SR-T 202, differ in price, according to their operating features.

Minolta's electronic automatic models are the professional XK, the deluxe XE-7 and the economical XE-5. In these cameras, shutter speeds are controlled electronically with unprecedented precision. Even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set

itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta electronic SLR's, you get a wide choice of features, including interchangeable viewfinders and focusing screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second, and multiple-exposure capability.

How much information should the viewfinder display? The more information in the viewfinder, the more you know about the technical details of how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save some more money by getting a simpler model.

The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.

How does the camera feel and sound? This can tell you a lot about how well thought out the design is. A camera shouldn't take "getting used to." Your fingers should fall naturally and comfortably into place over the controls.

Advance the film wind lever. If a new camera has a "grainy" feeling, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?

How about noise? Close machine tolerances and careful damping of moving parts in Minolta cameras give you a noticeably smoother, more solid response when you push the shutter button. And Minolta's automatic SLR's have a newly designed electronic shutter that's a joy to hear because you almost can't hear it.

The lens system. You need a choice of lenses broad enough to meet your present and future needs. Minolta offers almost 40. From a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto.



Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

How easy is it to change lenses?

You shouldn't miss any shots while changing lenses. So Minolta has developed a patented bayonet mount that locks on in less than a quarter turn, instead of the three or more turns required by a screw mount.

And unlike others, the Minolta bayonet mount doesn't require realignment of f/stops every time you change lenses.

How do you judge craftsmanship?

Take a close, careful look at the details. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside.



Cameras have reputations.

Check them out. By all means, ask your friends about Minolta. Since it's the largest-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

If you'd like more information about Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada, Minolta Camera (Canada), Inc., Ont.

How a 19-year-old college sophomore can become a 21-year-old Army officer.



The Army offers college sophomores the opportunity to earn an officer's commission in two years.

It's tough, but the people who can manage it are the people we want to manage the men, money and materials of the United States Army.

You apply for the special Two-Year Army ROTC Program during your sophomore year. Then attend a six-week Basic Camp, with pay.

You'll learn what it takes to be a soldier — to have your body toughened, your confidence developed.

Do well and you can qualify for the Army ROTC Advanced Course in the fall. Do exceptionally well, and you may be heading back to college, with a two-year full tuition scholarship.

For the next two years you'll learn what it takes to be an Army officer. You'll be challenged both mentally and physically. You'll get the kind of management and leadership experience that will be an asset to you in any career, military or civilian. You'll receive a yearly living allowance of up to \$1,000 each year you're enrolled in Advanced ROTC. When you graduate, you'll have earned your college degree along with the

gold bars of an officer and serve in the active Army, Army National Guard or the Army Reserve.

The Two-Year Army ROTC Program. If that's the kind of challenge you're looking for, you're the kind of student we're looking for.

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School Attending _____
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Location of College Planning to Attend _____

DA FORM 1-77 (1-77)

ARMY ROTC. LEARN WHAT IT TAKES TO LEAD.

manufacturer in this country who will mass-produce a lightweight, high-density plastic Prae-Bat that either kids or adults can use with a tennis ball. A major Japanese sporting-goods firm is looking over the bat now, but Martino says, "It's a shame if I'm forced to go to a company in the Orient."

EXIT TROGNITZ

Tough guy Willie Trognitz, signed for a 10-game trial by the Cincinnati Stingers of the WHA after he was banned for life by the International League for messing up an opponent with his stick (SI, Nov. 28), has been dropped. Trognitz dressed for the 10 games, played in seven and picked up 37 minutes in penalties, 25 in one outing against Quebec, but he did not play up to expectations.

The Stingers did offer Trognitz another 10-game trial at \$150 per game, but he refused. "What's \$150?" he asked. "I got guys making \$150,000 hiding behind my back."

BABES IN THE WOODS

While most people are engaged in raking leaves, or swearing at them, certain ecologists are busy studying them. Singular though this might seem, it makes sense: in recent years there has been increasing recognition of the critical importance of dead leaves, in fact, the number and size of fishes in many waters may well depend on the leaf fall.

For the last three winters, Dr. Robert Goodland of the New York Botanical Garden has been doing "nutrient profiles" on leaves from 71 species of trees and shrubs on the grounds of the Carey Arboretum in Millbrook, N.Y. He has found that leaves from white ash and flowering dogwood are rich in calcium, and those from the American and slippery elms high in potassium. He has also discovered that hickory and butternut leaves accumulate extraordinarily high amounts of aluminum, a metal toxic to most other trees.

A forest drops about 3,000 pounds of leaves per acre, and on the ground they are consumed by bacteria, fungi, earthworms and insects. Another ecologist, Dr. Dominick J. Prine of Manhattan College, is particularly interested in what goes on inside a leaf. "It's a whole world of its own for leaf miners," says Prine. "mainly the larvae of microlepidoptera, tiny moths with a wingspan down to less than a tenth of an inch, that are among

the most beautiful creatures on earth." (In Mexico, the caterpillar of the micro-moth *Carpocapsa salicis* lives in the seedpods of milkweed. If the pod on the ground is in a bad position, where, say, there is too much sunlight, the caterpillar flexes its muscles to make the pod shift to a more favorable site. Thus the "Mexican jumping bean.")

In lakes and streams, dead leaves serve as a basic source of food for aquatic organisms. Some larvae of caddis flies, an important food for trout, not only eat leaves, but also use them to construct houses in which they live underwater. Many stone flies, another important food for trout, prefer to eat leaves that drop in the stream rather than submerged plants. Indeed, different species of stone flies have marked preferences.

"Nature exists by recycling every molecule," Prine says. "When most people think of science, they think of spaceships. Instead, they should think about the leaves on the trees and on the ground. We're just babes in the woods when it comes to understanding the essential details of basic ecological processes."

PUN MY NAME

Richard Lederer, an English master at St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H., has spent the past year researching winters of literature and the sports their names suggest. The list reaches from antiquity to the present. For example, bowling includes Pindar, Edwin Markham, Mickey Spillane and Malcolm X. Ready for more? O.K.

Tennis: Miguel Cervantes, Richard Lovelace, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Robert W. Service, Ivy Compton Burnett, Tennessee Williams and Kurt Vonnegut.

Track: Jonathan Swift, John Bunyan, John Crowe Ransom and Howard Fast.

Horse racing: Walter de la Mare, Stephen Vincent Benet, MacKinlay Kantor and Joyce Carol Oates.

Football: Joyce Cary, John Dos Passos and Robert Bloch.

Rifery: The Venerable Bede, Jean Cocteau, John Gunther, Nevil Shute, Robert Bolt and Kingsley Amis.

Grogg? There's more to come! Skiing: C. P. Snow and Robert Frost. Golf: Sara Teasdale and Graham Greene.

Crew: George Crabbe, Percy Shelley, Henry David Thoreau, George Orwell, Marianne Moore, Harper Lee and Iris Murdoch.

Basketball: Francis Scott Key, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and John Fowles.

Rodeo: Thomas Bullfinch, Noel Coward, Albert Camus and Pearl Buck.

And finally,

Baseball: Plato, Henry Fielding, Richard Steele, Honoré de Balzac and the dean of them all, Homer.

NAD ABOUT FOOTBALL

Houston and Denver are two of the hottest football towns in the country. Take Houston and its TV shows. Besides the live NCAA and NFL games and the NCAA highlights, the football entertainment each week has ranged from hour-long programs featuring coaches Lou Holtz of Arkansas, Dan Devine of Notre Dame and Barry Switzer of Oklahoma to half-hour shows presenting coaches Grant Teaff of Baylor, Bill Yeoman of Houston, Homer Rice of Rice, Ron Meyer of SMU, Fred Akers of Texas, Emory Bellard of Texas A&M, F. A. Dry of TCU, Steve Sloan of Texas Tech and Tom Landry of the Dallas Cowboys. The hometown Oilers don't have a show, presumably because the market is already oversaturated.

Take Denver, where Judge John Sanchez last week ordered the Regional Transportation District to pay Mrs. Helen Harris \$44.70, the cost of two tickets to the Bronco opener and two season passes on RTD buses, after a bus failed to pick her up for the game. "There is a great deal of difference in seeing the game on television and seeing it in person," Judge Sanchez said.

How right he is. With full-house crowds of 75,000 at Mile High Stadium, a lot of fans have taken to following the game on the tube in local bars. At the Arabian bar, those watching the Broncos play the Colts became irked by a blaring jukebox. They turned it off. Words followed. Finally, six people went outside, and when the shooting stopped one was dead and two wounded. The bartender told police all those involved were regular customers.

THEY SAID IT

• Dewey Selmon, inside linebacker of the Tampa Bay Bucs, losers of 26 consecutive regular-season NFL games, about his recent marriage: "I was going to wait and get married after we won our first game. But we decided against that."

END

May your Christmases be white, with one slight exception.



Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

JOHNNIE WALKER™ BLACK LABEL 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 & PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 12, 1977

OTHER NOW ON THE



HAND...



Old Pudgy, better known as Olympic champion Vasily Alexeev, hurt his right wrist before last week's bizarre meet in Las Vegas and this was the result. He didn't set any records, which wasn't the only thing that went wrong **by SARAH PILEGGI**

CONTINUED

On its best day Las Vegas is merely absurd. At its worst it is a sort of Disneyland for consenting adults, a sprawling monument to greed, free enterprise gone berserk, with a sports scene tending to the flash of heavyweight title fights and jai alai and winner-take-all tennis matches in which the winner doesn't. The polar opposite of human endeavor, it is certainly the last place one would expect to find 11 of the world's best amateur weight lifters. Yet there they were last week, checking into the indescribably garish lobby of the Aladdin Hotel at the southern end of the Strip, still blinking from the desert sun outside, another element of farce added to a scene that hardly needed more. Before long, bear-sized superheavyweights in blue sweat suits were dropping silver dollars into crashing slot machines, and gnome-like flyweights were gazing into the bowls of spinning roulette wheels while cocktail waitresses dressed as Middle Eastern carhops positioned their décolletages as near as possible to eye level.

Russia's three top superheavyweights, led by the incomparable (a Las Vegas adjective usually reserved for the likes of Shekty Groenel) Vasily Alexeyev, and a company of eight other world-class lifters in five weight categories were in town to star in a made-for-television sporting event called the Record Makers Invitational. The format, chosen for its dramatic potential and adaptability to a small, unbalanced, arbitrarily chosen field, called for the athletes to pursue records rather than each other. The foreign stars were advertised as going after world records, while the three Americans in the field, superheavyweights Bruce Wilhelm and Tom Stock and middle heavyweight Phil Grippaldi, none of whom is within striking distance of a world record, were to take aim at American marks. This smashing of records, at least those of the superheavies, was to be shown live Saturday afternoon on CBS' Sports Spectacular to a hoped-for audience of 30 million.

Top Rank Inc., the closed-circuit TV specialists who will be recalled, without enthusiasm, for their part in the Evel Knievel Snake River Canyon escapade and whose bread and butter is championship boxing, came up with the idea of Record Makers. It was also Top Rank that chose Las Vegas and the Aladdin

Hotel as its venue, signed up the AAU's National Weight Lifting Committee to run the event, and then sold the package to CBS-TV for an amount that Mike Malitz, a partner in Top Rank, described as a "normal amount for a one-hour CBS Sports Spectacular. Six figures. Less than a quarter million and more than \$100,000."

Despite, or perhaps because of, the ambience, hopes were high, especially those of the AAU. To National Weight Lifting Committee Chairman Murray Levin of Gettysburg, Pa., the man who traveled to Moscow to persuade the Russians to come, it was the chance of a lifetime. "For 20 years our sport has been in a rut," he said one day early in the week as he sat with some of his fellow committeemen over lunch in the Genie Buffet. "This represents a new awakening. We want to glamorize weight lifting." His voice was occasionally drowned out by the Aladdin's public-address system announcing the latest winner of a keno jackpot, but he continued, "You have one chance. If you do it right, the doors will open up."

The doors to which Levin referred are the doors that lead to the offices of corporation presidents who might be interested in underwriting the U.S. amateur weight-lifting program. One interested party, he says, is Mack Trucks.

Levin left no stone unturned in his effort to do things right. For instance, he ordered new uniforms for the national committee—red blazers and red, white and blue striped ties. He chose national champions to serve as loaders and made sure that everybody who matters in American weight lifting was present and visible. He even chose the music. "At the opening ceremony," he said, "there will be dramatic music and the curtain will open and the whole committee will be on stage. I chose *Murphy on the Bounty*. The 1962 version."

"I thought 2001 would be good," interjected Morris Weissbrodt, an administrator in the New York City Department of Parks.

"This is better, Morris," said Levin. "Take my word for it."

So on Saturday morning there they all were, ranged about the vast stage of the 7,000-seat Aladdin Theater for the Performing Arts, where only hours before the incomparable Gabe Kaplan and the incomparable Anne Murray had been

knocking 'em dead—the committee in its red blazers, with *Murphy on the Bounty* still ringing in its ears; CBS, cameras grinding, storing away footage to balance the other half of the show (the world's strongest man competition, wherein people were to run races with refrigerators on their backs), and Top Rank's publicist, in the best tradition of professional boxing, passing out copies of Alexeyev's measurements. All of them waiting to cash in, one way or another, on the efforts of a group of extraordinary athletes.

The only thing they had overlooked in their planning was the fact that great athletes do not necessarily produce world records on demand. By 2:50 p.m., when CBS stopped its cameras, not only had Vasily Alexeyev not produced a world record in the clean and jerk, he had not even attempted one. It had finally become clear that just about everything that could go wrong had done so, and everybody was trying to figure out whom to blame.

The first hint that all might not proceed according to schedule came on Wednesday when Alexeyev contracted a severe case of hives. Huge welts formed first across his upper arms and back, then spread to his forehead, thighs and, worst of all, his hands, causing them to swell to a degree that made it difficult to grip the bar. Early theorizing had it that Bruce Wilhelm's desiccated liver tablets were the culprits. Alexeyev had tried some for the first time, at Wilhelm's urging. Later that explanation was abandoned in favor of the "strange fruit" theory. Alexeyev had been eating a lot of pineapple. It was said, a fruit to which his system was not accustomed. By Saturday morning the desiccated liver-pineapple crisis had passed, but a new problem, more serious, had arisen. Sometime Thursday, during a brief and friendly tussle with Wilhelm over a copy of *Iron Man* magazine, Alexeyev had strained a weight-bearing tendon in his right wrist, the flexor carpi. On Friday he was injected with Americaine, an anesthetic agent, by a local orthopedist. When the day of the lifting arrived and the condition was unimproved, he took the advice of the U.S. team doctors and declined to lift. Dr. Richard Wright said later, "The injury had loosened the tendon from its attachment. If he had lifted he would have sheared the tendon and possibly ended his lifting career."

Alexeyev is 35 now. He has set 82 world records during his 17-year career, in the snatch, the clean and jerk and the total. He has been world champion eight times, Olympic gold medalist both in Munich and Montreal, and he recently set the world record for the clean and jerk and the total (the record for the snatch was taken from him by Christo Plachkov of Bulgaria in 1976). Alexeyev might reasonably be ready to retire, but with the Moscow Olympics approaching, he defers the decision. "I will be 39 then," he said last Friday, through his local interpreter for the week, a Las Vegas resident named Mara Dixon. "The body pays the price of the years. Perhaps the body will endure, perhaps not. We will see."

Although various components of the celebrated 354-pound body took a beating last week, the U.S.S.R.'s contract with the AAU called for Alexeyev to lift, and lift he did. With one hand, Olympic-style weight lifting is made up of only two events now, the snatch and the clean and jerk, but once upon a time there were five, including a one-handed snatch. Alexeyev announced that he would attempt to equal his personal best of 231½ pounds. He started at 198½, the bar in his hand looking about as heavy as a broomstick. He smiled his small cat smile at the audience and bowed slightly. Alexeyev has two public expressions—that little smile and the blackest scowl of which the human physiognomy is capable. He exhibited the scowl one day last week after a workout as he rested his belly against the cool, slanted glass of a Baskin-Robbins refrigerator case. He had just polished off a Moa Moa Punch, and the girl behind the counter was urging him to try a sample spoonful of Pralines 'N Cream. He obliged, decided it was not the flavor of the month as far as he was concerned, and scowled his disapproval, blackly but good naturedly.

After toying with 198½ in the first one-handed snatch, Alexeyev upped the weight to 220½ pounds and again raised it easily. But 231½ proved too much, and he dropped the bar with a crash.

Another disappointment, from every point of view, was the failure of the two smaller Russians, flyweight Alexander Voronin and middleweight Yuri Vardanyan, to make the weight for their respective classes. Each weighed in one pound over the maximum at 9 a.m. Saturday and each therefore had to lift in the next

heavier class, eliminating all hope of a world record.

Vardanyan is a 21-year-old, 5' 7", 165-pound Armenian with the smooth face of a choirboy and a disposition to match. He holds the world middleweight records for the clean and jerk (413½) and the total (733 pounds), and he is a Master of Sport, International Class. Vardanyan was the most conspicuous consumer of the Soviet delegation, buying, among other things, a \$230 stereo set, but he was also the artist. Backstage, after the lifting Saturday, he sat down at a stray piano and for half an hour played Russian songs in complete peace while a sea of chattering people swirled about him.

Voronin is 26 and comes from Siberia. He is listed as 4' 8" tall, but seems even smaller, though his tiny frame is sturdy. If he had made the weight and had been competing as a flyweight as expected, his 242-pound snatch would have been the only world record of the Record Makers Invitational. He holds all three world records in the division and he won the gold medal in his class at the Montreal Olympics.

Language barriers made questions difficult: Although Alexeyev had an interpreter of his own, the rest of the Soviet lifters had to make do with monosyllables or nothing at all, and speculation as to why such disciplined athletes as Voronin and Vardanyan should have missed their weights ran up the aisles of the Aladdin Theater for the Performing Arts and spilled out into the Genie Buffet. Cynics felt that the two might be avoiding the drug test that would have followed immediately on the heels of a world record. By missing their weights and lifting in the next class, they eliminated the possibility of a world record and, therefore, of a drug test. Another theory was that the Russians, with considerable justification, were not taking this event so seriously as to disrupt their training schedules with world-record attempts from which it would take several weeks to recover.

But Lee James, a young lifter from Pennsylvania who was serving as a loader, gave no credence to either rumor. He said he had seen both Vardanyan and Voronin in the sauna early Saturday morning, still trying to get the weight off, and it is known that they had taken the trouble to borrow a doctor's scale. Along with many others, he thought that the carn-

ival atmosphere of the event and its "unusual" setting had more to do with the poor showings than anything else.

What the Soviet team really thought will probably never be known. Enormous 28-year-old Aslanbek Ivanovich Enaliev, the 342-pound possible successor to Alexeyev's throne, dutifully wore an I LOVE NEVADA button on the blue expanse of his sweat suit wherever he went. And maybe he did, but he had a very bad day Saturday, which his coach attributed to his biorhythmic schedule being out of sync.

The third Soviet superheavyweight was the gloriously named 307-pound Sultan Rachmanov, 27, who lives with his wife and two children in Dnepropetrovsk in the Ukraine now but was born near Tashkent in Uzbek. Rachmanov fared better than Enaliev, but even he did not attempt to equal his U.S.S.R. record in the snatch.

With a little luck, weight lifting will survive its glamorization. The dignity of its athletes will probably see it through. And perhaps, in the future, the Las Vegas experience will give the sport's leaders pause if tempted again to sell its soul for a six-figure mess of pottage.

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRAKE



Olympian Voronin made the lift, not the weight

THREE ISLANDERS UNTO THEMSELVES

The Trio Grande of NHL scoring leader Bryan Trottier, top goal producer Mike Bossy and senior citizen Clark Gillies, who is all of 23, has kept the New York Islanders within shooting distance of the Philadelphia Flyers **by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM**

As the New York Islanders ended five days of R&R in Colorado last week, their 20-year-old rookie goal-scoring sensation was limping in pain. Mike Bossy had pulled a groin muscle during practice Friday morning in Colorado Springs. Even as he lay crumpled on the ice, though, Bossy received no sympathy from 21-year-old Bryan Trottier, the other half of the NHL's hottest scoring combination. Trottier skated over to Bossy and asked, "What'd you do, Mike, trip over the blue line?"

That may seem a cavalier way to treat a stricken buddy, but neither Trottier nor Bossy is about to let minor ailments seriously impair their harassment of rival goaltenders. The hobbled Bossy, whose 20 goals are tops in the NHL, wound up missing Saturday night's 7-2 Islander romp over the St. Louis Blues. But Trottier, the do-everything center who in his third season has emerged as the league's best, kept busy during Bossy's absence by scoring one goal and assisting on another to fatten his league-leading point total to 44 on 18 goals and 26 assists. Meanwhile, the left wing on the Trottier-Bossy line, rugged Clark Gillies, scored a goal and an assist against the Blues himself. And Bossy's stand-in, Jude Drouin, had a goal and two assists.

The Trio Grande, as Long Island addicts call the Trottier-Bossy-Gillies line, now has scored the staggering total of 48 goals in 25 games. 11 more than the NHL's next most productive lines—Montreal's Guy Lafleur, Steve Shutt and Jacques Lemaire, and Colorado's Wilf Palemont, Paul Gardner and Gary Croteau.

Better still, the kids—Gillies, at 23, is the senior citizen—have kept the sputtering Islanders within four points of the first-place Philadelphia Flyers in the Patrick Division.

It is startling to see these prolific, and ridiculously young, scorers so quickly changing the look of the Islanders, who in their five-year history have relied on tight checking and strong goaltending to grind out their victories. Oddly, as the offense has perked up, the Islanders have suddenly begun to com-

mit defensive lapses of the worst kind.

They blew a 3-2 lead over Colorado and had to accept a 3-3 tie last Wednesday night when Goaltender Billy Smith inexplicably tried to score a goal himself into the open net at the other end of the ice, only to have Colorado Forward Paul Gardner intercept his shot and fire it into the suddenly ungarded New York net. But Coach Al Arbour shrugs off the occasional lapses. "I'm encouraged that we're scoring more goals than we ever have," Arbour says. "If we can get our defense back where it should be, we'll be in good shape."

To achieve the new offensive punch, Arbour broke up his old No. 1 line of Trottier, Gillies and Right Wing Billy Harris in training camp, inserting Bossy, a prolific goal scorer during his amateur career, in Harris' old spot.

Growing up in a family of 10 children on Montreal's north end, Bossy developed his shooting touch on the backyard rink that his dad flooded and froze every winter. He amassed 399 goals for Laval during his four seasons in the Quebec Junior League, just five under the junior career record set by Lafleur. But Bossy seldom bothered to check, a deficiency that prompted 14 NHL teams to ignore him in last June's amateur draft before the Islanders, choosing 15th, grabbed him. They had scouted Bossy thoroughly—in fact, one of their talent hunters, Henry Saraceno, had coached Bossy in the juveniles—and believed he had enough basic hockey sense to develop into a two-way player.

It would speak even more eloquently for the Islanders' scouting acumen if they had found out Bossy's correct first name.

Captain Gillies, all 6' 3" and 220 pounds of him, is available to fight his kinsmen's battles.





Rookie Bossy has 20 goals in his first 24 pro games and his checking has exceeded expectations

Though he is bilingual and recently married a French Canadian girl, Michael Bossy is part Ukrainian, part British. Quebec newspapers nevertheless always have called him Michel, and the Islanders drafted him under that name and refer to him that way in their press guide. The team brass somehow got the idea that the name was merely pronounced "Michael." Bossy is a somewhat passive personality, and it was only last week, on the team bus, that he finally clued in Hawley T. Chester III, the club's publicity man.

"It's spelled Michael, too," Bossy said. "That's M-I-C-H-A-E-L."

"I'll fix it tomorrow," Chester promised Bossy.

Vindicating the Islanders' judgment, Bossy not only has been scoring goals at a remarkable pace, he also has played well defensively. "I was lazy on defense in the juniors," Bossy concedes. "It hurt my pride to go only 15th in the draft, and I've been working on my checking." He hasn't had to work on scoring. Bossy has the knack for getting open, and his

wrist shot, while not particularly hard, is quick, well disguised and accurate. "It's a godsent power," he says. "Three-fourths of the time I don't even see where I'm shooting."

Bossy started the season well enough, scoring six goals in his first 11 games. Then he really got hot, reeling off 14 goals in the next 11. Inevitably, he became a marked man, and a seven-game goal-scoring streak finally ended a week ago in a 4-1 Islander win over Detroit, a game in which he was pounded by Red Wing tough guy Dan Maloney right after the opening face-off. Still, Bossy remains well ahead of the pace required to break Rick Martin's NHL rookie record of 44 goals. And Bossy's fast start makes him the leading candidate for the NHL Rookie of the Year award, which Trotter won in 1976 and Islander Defenseman Denis Potvin won in 1974.

Trotter has helped grease the way for Bossy's spectacular debut. A guitar-strumming native of the prairie town of Val Marie, Saskatchewan, Trotter is a neighborly sort, which is why he and his

PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY TROTC

wife Nackie invited Bossy and his wife of three months, Lucy, to stay at their Long Island home at the start of training camp. The newcomers moved in for two weeks, and Trotter and Bossy hit it off so well that they became not only linemates but road-trip roommates, too. "Mike is conservative and easygoing and I'm the same way," says Trotter.

The budding friendship has not been hurt any by Trotter's considerable play-making skills. Quick and clever, the Islander star is often referred to as "little Bryan Trotter." In fact, Trotter is 5' 11" and a solid 195-pounder who has hard and is difficult to knock off his feet, which gives him an extra split second to whisk the puck to open teammates. And Bossy, of course, is the chief beneficiary of Trotter's crisp passes.

But Trotter insists, "Mike helps me as much as I help him. Because the other team has to concentrate on him, I've had more room to roam this season." Trotter, who scored 32 goals and 63 assists for a rookie-record 95 points in 1975-76 and followed that with 30 goals and 42 assists last season, has been moving at a fast clip, too. His biggest spurge came last month when he scored four times in a 9-0 rout of Atlanta. Like Bossy, Trotter is also pursuing a record—Phil Esposito's single-season total of 152 points.

The exploits of Trotter and Bossy might lead one to overlook Gillies, except that he is both the Islander captain and, at 6' 3" and 220 pounds, a very visible and bruising performer. His commanding presence discourages the league tough guys from taking too many liberties with his linemates. He has a wicked slap shot and holds the Islander single-season record of 34 goals—a record that Bossy or Trotter, or both, may well break by midseason.

Records aside, Gillies, Bossy and Trotter seem to be having as much fun off the ice as on it. This was raucously apparent when, after the tie with the Rockies in Denver, the three linemates returned to Colorado Springs in the back seat of a limousine—with Trotter in the center, of course. The three of them swapped jokes for a while and then began singing. They ran through some Johnny Cash favorites, did a Kenny Rogers number or two, and then moved on to other selections. Near the end of the 80-minute drive, Gillies chorled, "Hey, we're quite a truet, you know?"

The truet is quite a line, too.

END



After an opening 61, Jerry Pate and Hollis Stacy were singing in the rain, just singing in the rain

ISN'T IT WARM, ISN'T IT COZY, SIDE BY SIDE

Putting two and two together, the PGA and LPGA came up with a honey of a tournament that had the pros hugging happily **by WALTER BINGHAM**

It was called the Pepsi Mixed Team Championship but it was really golf's version of the office Christmas party and all the boys were expected to bring dates. Naturally Arnold Palmer invited Sandra Palmer. Lee Trevino asked Carol Mann because he likes tall blondes and she likes short Mexicans. Other pairings were Ben Crenshaw-Judy Rankin, Texans; Sam Snead-Kathy Whitworth, veterans; and

Lanny Wadkins-Laura Baugh, college pros. But the hit of the party turned out to be that USGA all-star team of Jerry Pate, past winner of the U.S. Amateur and Open, and Hollis Stacy, three times junior champion and current Open winner. Starting on Thursday with a remarkable 61 that gave them a six-stroke lead, the youngsters—he is 24, she 23—hung on, dropping a birdie on the 72nd hole

on Sunday to win by a stroke over Curtis Strange and Nancy Lopez.

The tournament was held at the Bardmoor Country Club in Largo on Florida's west coast and was the second of its kind. The first, held at Doral in Miami, was an LPGA inspiration; the girls invited the boys. Most of the leading names accepted, the notable exception being the blond gentleman who resides on the east coast of the state. At least four women asked—even begged—him to play, but Jack Nicklaus had planned a vacation with his family. This year he was watching his sons play basketball.

Which means he missed a lot of fun, especially since the format was altered this year to keep the more headstrong couples from divorcing one another in mid-fairway. Last year both members of a team would drive from the tee and then decide which ball to play. His might be only 150 yards short of the green, hers—even with the help of the ladies' tee—180 short, but he would suggest he could nail his four-iron closer to the flag than she could her six. She begged to differ. He would wist. End of romance.

So this year both players were allowed to hit second shots with the other's drive, except at par 3s. This usually led to clear-cut decisions; one ball 10 feet from the cup, the other in a trap. No problem. And so there was harmony at Bardmoor; also a lot of hugging and mutual admiration. The men were amazed at how well the women could play. "I always thought the ladies popped the ball, chased it and popped it again," said Steve Melnyk.

For their part, the women were slightly awed by the men, marveling at their finesse. "I think we could be a lot better if we played with them all the time," Pat Bradley said. Some of the women admitted to nerves. The \$40,000 first prize—\$20,000 each—was routine for the men but high by women's standards.

One woman player definitely not in awe of the men was Hollis Stacy. In fact, probably not even the water moccasin that slithered up to the first tee Thursday morning would have scared her. Bouncing along the fairways, waving and winking to friends in the gallery, she was the picture of relaxation as she and Pate cruised to their stunning first-day score. For the record, they had 11 birdies and no bogeys. No fives on the scorecard. A 31 going out, 30 coming back.

And how come the two happened to be playing together? "Because we're having

an affair," Pate answered deadpan. Then Jerry explained that both were young, came from large families in the South and had gone to Southern colleges, he to Alabama, she to Rollins. Fine, but did Pate actually pick up a phone and invite Stacy? Well, it was done through a friend. A friend? Well, it was Wilson, for whom both work. And that, in truth, is how many pairings came about.

In spite of the similarities between the two, Stacy and Pate have vastly different personalities. Outwardly at least, Pate is the fired gun, aggressive and cocksure. No nonsense out there, which is how you win a U.S. Open at 22, which is what Jerry did. This has been a difficult yet rewarding year for him. He won the first tournament, Phoenix, and the next-to-last, the Southern, but he was sidelined with a shoulder injury for four months, missing some of the richest events. Still, he earned nearly \$100,000.

In contrast, Stacy—called Spacy by her friends, as in spaced out—is bubbly, funny, outgoing. Even the wives of the men players, their antennae up, thought her charming. Early in the first round Pate ran in a 20-footer for a birdie. "All right," Hollis shouted. "I'll keep him."

Even so, Pate was slow unbending. At the 13th, a par 3, he hit a wild tee shot, forcing him to use Stacy's drive, which was just short of the green. Pate's chip was weak, threatening the pair with its first bogey, but Hollis ran in a tough eight footer. Such heroics at Largo generally called for an embrace. Pate merely turned and headed for the next tee.

But Hollis wore him down. She dropped a 10-footer for a birdie on the next hole, and after the gallery had quieted, Jerry applauded loudly, then tossed a friendly arm around her. From then on there was a lot of hugging as they birdied the last three holes.

Another highlight of the opening round was the Trevino-Mann finish. They were one over par and, as Trevino said, on their way to spending Sunday watching Tampa Bay play football, when funny things happened. Mann: "He was in the fairway with a four-iron in his hands. He said, 'Got to get this close for my baby,' swung and knocked it into the cup." An eagle 2. They picked up a birdie and then, on the last hole, Mann hit an eight-iron into the hole for another eagle 2. Five under par in three holes. Trevino, already approaching the green, turned and raced across the fairway, arms

wide. Mann, eight inches taller, leaned down to accept a kiss. Trevino is sporting a new Charles Bronson mustache these days. "Tickles," Mann reported. Trevino added, "I kissed Sam Snead on the ear yesterday and he followed me all the way to the practice green."

Friday belonged to two more youngsters, Strange, 22, and Lopez, 20. And to the rain. It began late Thursday, drenching those still on the course, continuing through the night and forcing a two-hour delay at the start of Friday's round. It remained miserably wet all day.

Out of the gloom came Strange-Lopez, she a close second to Stacy in the Open, he a skilled amateur who is just starting out on the tour. They had begun with a respectable 69, three-under, then moved swiftly into second place with a barrage of birdies, many of them on Lopez' deadly putting. At their final hole, Strange's drive was well beyond Nancy's, but Lopez trooped on ahead and hit first, knocking her approach onto the green.

"We've been doing that," Strange said. "I think it takes the pressure off Nancy." When both had hit to the green, Nancy's approach was slightly inside Strange's, but he asked her to try the birdie putt, a distance of some 25 feet. She missed, barely. "She had been putting well and I hadn't sunk one that long in five holes," Strange said.

Despite missing the birdie, Strange-Lopez wound up with a 65, 10 under for the tournament. That put them three shots behind Pate-Stacy, who were proving that 61s are rare. Early in Friday's round Pate missed two mini putts and neither player drove well, yet they managed to reach 13-under before darkness prevented them and 15 other couples from finishing.

Which is why Hollis was out there in her jeans at eight the next morning. "It was only one hole and I figured we wouldn't have a gallery," she said. She was right. She and Pate parred, returned to their quarters and reappeared four hours later.

By then the sun was hot, drying the course. There was a large gallery, most of which seemed to have come down from Pensacola and Savannah to follow Pate and Stacy. For five holes they watched apprehensively as their team parred while Strange-Lopez narrowed the lead to two strokes. But on the 6th hole, a par 5, Pate-Stacy made a birdie and, coincidentally, revealed what Pate

later called his game plan for the rest of the tournament. Namely, let Hollis do the putting.

At 6, the team had the option of letting Stacy approach from about 100 yards or Pate from 130. They (Pate) chose the latter and Jerry put the ball 15 feet away. Stacy knocked it in. She dropped one from 25 feet at the 16th and from 22 feet at the 18th, both with the red eye of the TV camera squarely on her, and when the day was over they were still three strokes ahead of Strange-Lopez.

Pate-Stacy closed it out on Sunday, but it wasn't easy. After 10 holes Strange-Lopez, playing one group ahead, had narrowed the gap to a single stroke and there they held until the 17th. Then Strange, who had not been putting well, holed a 25-footer for a birdie, Tie ball game. On 18, Lopez missed a birdie try from the same distance. The two stood by to watch their rivals finish.

The 18th is a long par 5. After two shots apiece, Stacy-Pate was some 40 yards ahead of Pate-Stacy. They chose the closer ball though they would have preferred to have Pate hitting the approach and Hollis doing the putting. Hollis responded wonderfully, knocking an eight-iron seven feet from the pin. As soon as Pate dropped the putt they approached each other and—in the tradition of the tournament—embraced. The affair had begun. **END**

Trevino's mustache tickled more than one Mann



A BIG CHANGE IN THE AFFAIRS OF STATE

Under Fred Taylor, Ohio State went from top to bottom in college basketball. Now a new man is reviving the older Taylor tradition **by LARRY KEITH**

Between 1960 and 1976 Ohio State traveled from the heights to the depths of college basketball. From No. 1 in the country to last in the Big Ten. From cheering, capacity crowds at St. John Arena to disappointment and disinterest among students and alumni. But this season, under interim, demanding second-year Coach Eldon Miller, OSU is again on the rise. Thanks largely to the best bunch of freshman players in the country, the Buckeyes are off to a 3-1 start, and the crowds in the arena are SRO and happy once again. The more nostalgic Ohio State followers are even comparing the quality of the talent and the degree of interest to the glory days of the early '60s, when the Buckeyes went

to the NCAA final three straight seasons.

The man who took them there, Fred Taylor, has had nothing to do with this revival. Indeed, he prefers to stay away from the arena. Taylor, who in the early '60s was considered the college coach with the rosiest future, retired two years ago and now works for Ohio State's physical education and intramural athletics departments. His resignation was not caused by age—Taylor was 51 when he quit—or ill health or excessive alumni pressure. He was done in by the changing currents of the game itself—not by the Xs and Os of coaching, but the nature of modern-day recruiting. Taylor abhorred both the direction and speed of the recruiting merry-go-round, and so,

with regret, he jumped off after the '76 season. He harbors no ill will toward Miller, but he is resentful of former Athletic Director Ed Weaver who, he feels, never gave him proper support.

Although Bobby Knight of Indiana, Lefty Driesell of Maryland and Gale Catlett of Cincinnati all showed interest in succeeding Taylor, the school ultimately chose the little-known Miller, who is 38. Born and raised on a small farm in Gnadenhuetten, Ohio, he became a star guard at Wittenberg University and a successful coach at his alma mater and Western Michigan. Immediately after his Ohio State appointment was announced, Miller hurried across the street from a motel news conference to St. John Arena and began scouting the talent at the state high school tournament. He was not about to waste any time. To a lot of Ohio State basketball fans, that was evidence enough that things had changed.

The best of Miller's first year's three recruits was Guard Kelvin Runsey of Toledo, whose initial lack of interest in Ohio State showed just how much prestige the Buckeyes had lost. "I had never wanted to play here, because I knew the football team was great and the basketball team wasn't," he says. But after Miller convinced him that things soon would be different, Runsey changed his mind, enrolled at Columbus and set a school scoring record for varsity freshmen, with 327 points and a 13.1 average. Nevertheless, Ohio State finished last in the Big Ten for the second straight year.

Obviously, the Buckeyes would need more talent, and Miller and his staff set about getting it. Unlike Taylor, who hesitated to recruit outside of Ohio and to take full advantage of the prestige of such former players as John Havlicek and Jerry Lucas and the help of the world's largest alumni association, Miller enlisted support wherever he could find it. No detail was overlooked. Grads were asked to write letters, make telephone calls and chat with recruits while they were laying over at airports en route to visiting Columbus. Meanwhile, the coaches were corresponding with 500 prospects across the U.S., scouting 100 of them in games, visiting with 75 and inviting 17 to come to the OSU campus. As a result, Ohio State signed six freshmen this year, all of them blue-chippers.

The Buckeyes won out over some stiff

Miller's bench is full of young black players, who once might have shied away from Columbus



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

competition for those recruits. The prize catch, 6' 11" Center Herb Williams, Ohio's Class AAA Player of the Year, also considered Michigan, UCLA and Maryland. When Williams agreed to enroll at Ohio State, the usually unflappable Miller got so excited that he told his secretary to take the rest of the day off. No wonder. Four games into his freshman season, Williams is the Buckeyes' leading scorer (23.5 points per game) and rebounder (14.8), while two other All-Ohio freshmen, Forward Jim Smith and Guard Carter Scott, are also in the starting lineup. The other newcomers are Guard Todd Penn, whose high school team won two of the last three Ohio AAA championships; Guard Marquis Miller, the state's Class AA Player of the Year; and Guard Ken Page, an All-America from New York City. Next spring Miller hopes to land two big frontcourt players. Few of his rivals doubt that he will.

The talent bonanza paid off even before the season began by generating so much enthusiasm that a record 5,500 season tickets were sold. All three of the Buckeye home games have been sellouts, compared to one full house all last year and two in Taylor's final season.

To some Ohioans, it is not enough to call this the best freshman class in the country or to point to the good start as an omen for seasons ahead. They prefer praise of a higher order, declaring this year's crop "the best since Lucas, Havlicek and Mel Nowell," who played in the NCAA finals in 1960, '61 and '62. Perhaps the best indication of how far Ohio State's fortunes had fallen and how fast Miller is reviving them is the fact that those three were recruited about the same year the current freshmen were born.

Among the newcomers, Williams has been the subject of special praise, particularly from Dr. Robert Murphy, who has ministered to the Buckeyes for a quarter century. "He dominates both ends of the floor like no one I've seen since Jerry Lucas," says Murphy. Nowell, now a Columbus businessman and one of the team's color commentators on radio, adds, "These kids are receiving the same kind of fan appreciation we did. I see what happened to us happening all over again to them."

The highest tribute may have come from Stetson Coach Glenn Wilkes after

continued



State's third guard, Penn, is one of the six superb freshmen Miller brought in to complement Ramsey (14)



Though he led OSU to many trophy-winning victories, Taylor now works in the intramural sports office

OHIO STATE *(continued)*

his Hatters lost 108-71 to the Buckeyes last week. Not only was it Ohio State's third straight victory, giving the team its best start in six years, but the Buckeye score was the highest since 1973. "You add another good recruiting year, and they certainly are potential national champions," Wilkes said.

This Ohio State team, like any that relies on underclassmen, must first learn how to win on the road, which it did not do in a 77-76 loss at Vermont last Saturday. Even so, Miller says, "I believe we're capable of beating every team we play. Last year I didn't."

It is unfortunate that Ohio State's current success must be measured against the failure of Taylor to produce a Big Ten champion after 1971 or a winning record in any of his last three seasons. He was a superb teacher of basketball from the moment he took over at Ohio State in 1959. In 18 years there, he won the Big Ten seven times, the Midwest Region four times and the NCAA once—in 1960, when he was 35 years old. He produced four All-Americans, was Coach of the Year twice and served as president of the National Association of Bas-

ketball Coaches. His integrity was universally admired by his colleagues.

But at the end, Taylor had lost his taste for battle. He was frustrated by his inability to get along with Weaver, particularly in matters relating to the hiring and firing of assistant coaches, and disillusioned by the infamous 1972 brawl that occurred in a Minnesota-Ohio State game. That incident, which resulted in two Minnesota players being suspended and two Buckeyes being injured, "left me scarred," Taylor says. "I wasn't the same after that. The world I knew just wasn't the same. There seemed to be more furor among people here over an opponent cheating in football than the fact that two of our basketball players had to be taken to the hospital."

Even if there had been no fight, Taylor's decline was probably inevitable. His last two assistants, Bob Burkholder and Ben Waterman, were poor recruiters, and Taylor's own methods were out of step with the times. According to one former Big Ten coach, Buckeye recruiting after 1970 was considered laughably inept by rivals. Largely because OSU is the state's main university and attracted some Ohio schoolboys on that basis alone, it enjoyed a measure of success into the early '70s.

Still, Ohio State has not had a first-team all-conference selection since Allan Hornsby, who was recruited in 1969.

Recruiting has always been the least enjoyable duty for many coaches. As described by Ohio State's current athletic director, Hugh Hindman, "It is a brutal, full-time job. It is much more time-consuming than coaching. You have to get up earlier, stay at it later, get there first and get there last. If Fred had been flexible enough to stay with the times the way Woody Hayes has, there wouldn't have been a problem."

That there was a problem was made quite clear in Taylor by Weaver in the spring of 1975. "I indicated informally that there was concern among the athletic administration about the decline of the team," says Weaver, "and I related the importance of having a good recruiting year." Taylor says Weaver told him to "win or else." Weaver denies that there was any such ultimatum, although his memory when discussing Taylor can be very selective.

Recruiting was a particularly unpleasant chore for Taylor, whose unyielding personal standards were often stricter than the letter—and even the spirit—of the NCAA rule book. While other coaches scoured the nation for players and, if necessary, used minority programs and other special provisions to get them into school, Taylor stuck mainly to Ohio and did not look for any loopholes in admission requirements. That is why he did not join in the pursuit of such Ohio products as Scott May, Bo Lamar and Ed Ratleff, who became All-Americans elsewhere. Because of this, when Taylor did go after a qualified black athlete, opposing coaches would try to scare the prospect by saying that Taylor did not really want any blacks. Eventually that feeling became pervasive even in Columbus' black community, particularly after an OSU player, Wendell Jackson, advised other blacks to go elsewhere. As a result, as other Big Ten teams won championships with lineups featuring numerous black stars, Ohio State rarely had more than one black among its starters. And that one almost invariably fit the mold of OSU's white players—tractable in-state kids who, unlike most youngsters,

continued



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found Taylor's ultra-low-key, no-promises approach attractive.

Nonetheless, former black players like Nowell and Jim Clemons are strong supporters of Taylor. "Those people who had doubts about Fred could only see the surface," says Nowell. "They didn't know the man."

Taylor's problem was not so much that he failed to recruit black players, but that he failed to land the best players of any description. Bill Hosket, a star of the late '60s and now a Columbus businessman, says, "I can't say enough for him as a man and as a coach, but I have to say his downfall was recruiting. Sure, Fred is highly principled, but so is Miller. The difference is that Miller is more aggressive. Fred didn't understand that there were people who wanted to help him. He said he didn't want to inconvenience anyone. Fred had been used to kids just waiting for the invitation to come to Ohio State. It was that way with me, but not the players of today. They think nothing of leaving the state. Just look at Kevin Grevey and Mike Phillips, who went to Kentucky, and Phil Hubbard and Steve Grote, who went to Michigan. Fred didn't stay in touch with changing ideas. When he retired, I was so caught up in the emotion of getting basketball back to where it was that for a while I thought I wanted the job myself."

As Taylor examines his recruiting style, he admits, "Maybe I wasn't too smart, but I was raised with the idea that your word was your bond. I really resented a kid who said he was coming and then went somewhere else. That happened with Nick Weatherspoon [Illinois] and Larry Harris [Pittsburgh]. Havlicek always told me I was too low-key, but when people say I can't recruit, I think about guys like Hosket and Clemons. That's a slap at them." Indeed, Clemons, who plays for the New York Knicks, says, "I wasn't going to Ohio State until I talked to Taylor and found out how much I liked him. He didn't wine and dine you and tell you what you wanted to hear. I got out of Ohio State just what Fred said I would get."

In this respect, at least, Taylor and Miller seem to be alike. Sophomore Jim Ellinghausen, Miller's first Ohio State recruit, says, "Miller is an honest man, a common guy. He doesn't tell you all kinds of garbage or dress flashy."

continued

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OHIO STATE *continued*

Miller has been smart enough to say only good things about the man who preceded him, while taking special care to give the program his personal stamp. Ohio State players wear new uniforms, and Ohio State boosters are now members of the Center Circle Club instead of the Rebounders Club. The coaching staff will speak to just about any group with a vacant podium. Miller himself has given more than 200 talks since being hired. On one occasion he impresses the audience with his sincerity and determination, but he does not waste much time trying to make anybody laugh. "He's as hard a worker as I've ever seen, short of our football coach," says Weaver, who retired this year. "He's at it night and day. Nothing takes precedence."

If all this effort pays off in the way many Ohioans are already expecting it to, there will be another championship-team picture in the lobby of St. John Arena. Taylor will not be around if it happens. He figures to be somewhere else after Jan. 1, 1979, because by then he will have put in enough time to qualify for the state's retirement program.

Taylor never made more than \$28,000 a year or drove a free car or drew a bonus for his appearances in postseason tournaments. He turned down a more lucrative offer from Northwestern in 1973, because he never cared that much for money and always thought he would end his career at Ohio State. But a cubicle in the school's intramural office is certainly not what he had in mind. Now he thinks he might give college coaching another try, probably at an institution where he does not have to fight the athletic director or compromise his ideas about how to run a program.

"I think we are coming back to a time when the degree is important and the game is played for pure enjoyment," he says. "We had championship teams at Ohio State without going beyond certain principles, and I see no reason to change."

One of OSU's former players believes Taylor probably would have tried to recruit Ohio State's current freshmen himself—or at least the five from Ohio, all of whom would have qualified for the school even under Taylor's strict entrance requirements. But no, the ex-Buckeye added, Fred probably could not have gotten any of them to come. **END**



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Off the field, Lyle Alzado is a tireless worker for charitable causes; on it he shows no mercy as the head pulper for Denver's Orange Crush defense

by SARAH PILEGGI

Let the rest of the country have its glamorous passers and flashy running backs. Let Baltimore have its Bert Jones. Chicago its Walter Payton. Dallas its Roger Staubach and Tony Dorsett. Oakland its Kenny Stabler. In Denver the defense is king, and Lyle Alzado, defensive end, is the man for this season.

NO END WITH THIS END



Denver fans are connoisseurs of defensive play, mainly because until this season the Broncos had never given them much of an offense to shout about. Now, after 11 wins in their first 12 games, including last Sunday's 24-14 triumph over Houston, the Broncos can't keep their fans quiet. That victory, coupled with Oakland's 20-14 loss to Los Angeles, clinched the AFC West championship for the Broncos, who had never won a title of any kind in their 18-year history, and also assured them of the home-field advantage when they appear in the playoffs for the first time ever on the day before Christmas.

The reason for Denver's sudden success is its defense—the Orange Crush, as it styles itself—a unit that features a 3-4 alignment and is the best in the NFL against the run, yielding a measly 112.9 yards per game.

Alzado is the irresistible and irrepressible force who works at the right end of the Broncos' three-man line, the player whose mere presence forces opponents to run their plays in the other direction—either at Nose Tackle Rubin Carter or Left End Barney Chavous, both of whom are also enjoying their best seasons. Alzado is a 6' 3", 250-pound black-bearded package of menacing energy and speed who drives himself so hard that his coaches say their problem is to keep him on, not ahead of, schedule.

"Lyle is overcritical of himself," says Defensive Line Coach Stan Jones. "He thinks he should have three or four sacks and 10 unassisted tackles every game, or he's had a bad day. He is outstanding against the run, and we have convinced him that sacks are second in importance to that." Maybe they have—and then again, maybe they haven't. Although the

Broncos' 3-4 is designed for the linebackers, not the linemen, to get to the quarterback. Alzado has had five sacks and 71 unassisted tackles in 12 games.

Denver's success this season may well win for Alzado the All-Pro recognition that has always escaped him in the past. "I'm not going to tell you I don't think about being All-Pro," says Alzado, "but I don't care as much as I used to. The power of the press lies in New York and L.A., and everyone in between dies. I'm tired of year after year watching people being passed over."

During a game Alzado emits waves of energy that radiate clear into the stands. On the field he never stops running. He pursues the quarterback relentlessly, brushing away offensive tackles as if they were big, annoying bugs. Off the field he stalks the sideline—talking, remonstrating, gesticulating, rarely pausing to join his teammates on the bench. He pats heads with his huge bandaged forearms and roars with laughter when things are going well. When they are not, there is no one in the stadium who looks more anguished.

And Denver loves it. A young fan once wrote, "Dear Lyle, you are the meanest defensive end I have ever seen. The way you rip apart all those quarterbacks is terrific. I sure am glad you play for the Broncos. I remember when you played the Redskins in the preseason, you killed their dumb halfbacks. . . ."

Alzado is by far the best known, most easily recognized Bronco in town. A couple of years ago when some Denver junior high schoolers were asked which of the Broncos they would most like to meet, 12 of them voted for star Running Back Floyd Little, 700 voted for Alzado.

Alzado is the Frank Gifford of the Rockies. He is everywhere—in the papers ("Come meet Lyle Alzado at Andre's Flower Shops"); on television ("Burt Chevrolet, they've been your friend for a long"—Alzado pauses, and points skyward—"long time"); on the radio ("This is Lyle Alzado for the Sawmill Restaurant. The Sawmill serves beef, fish, fowl and spirits. . . . For reservations call 755-4979. And ask about the Bronco Brunch Bus").

Alzado is at his best, though, when he is mixing it up with people. His face, with its Mesopotamian sort of nose as centerpiece, is framed by a thick black beard

and decorated with a mustache that in its downward droop is more Middle Eastern than Oriental. He looks fierce and dangerous, even in repose. But as he awes people with his size and presence, he disarms them with broad grins, friendly needles, gentle jabs to the biceps, and questions about their wives, children, jobs and

meeting Muhammad Ali face to face, an event that Alzado considers the greatest thrill of his life.

Officially, Alzado won the Whizzer White Award because he seems to be involved in more charitable causes than Jerry Lewis and Sammy Davis Jr. put together—cancer, cystic fibrosis, multiple



Daily weight-lifting sessions have so toughened Alzado that he brushes off blockers like mere flies.

problems. And if all else fails, he will, like some demented puppeteer, make his pectoral muscles dance individually.

At the NFL Players Association awards banquet last June at Chicago's Hilton Hotel, Alzado was given the Byron (Whizzer) White Award for his exceptional record of community service. There is a photo in his house in Denver that shows Alzado at the banquet with an arm draped around the trophy and his eyes filled with tears that are about to spill over onto the ruffled front of his evening shirt. The emotion was genuine, but the source debatable. It may have been the award, but it may also have been

sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, diabetes and leukemia. But there are at least a dozen other Denver organizations to which Alzado gives his time, from Children's Hospital to the Police Athletic League. He has spread himself rather thin lately. On a recent Tuesday, his only day off each week during the season, he went from Children's Hospital to the Cancer Society to a junior high school drug-prevention center called The Untouchables and found himself having to say again and again, "I'm sorry. I'll be able to do more once the season is over."

As Alzado deals with administrators, his face grew sad and his body suddenly

continued

seemed too big for its allotted space. But when he walked quietly into the hospital rooms of sick adolescents, his spirits rose and his movements became graceful again. He teased them, made them giggle. He asked about the framed photographs on the tables beside their beds and he signed dozens of autographs, one of them for a frail, redheaded boy named Dade who slept through it all. At one point a father came out into the corridor to shake Alzado's hand, led him back to his child's bedside, and then got watereyed as he watched the delight in his child's face.

"I love Denver," said Alzado. "Denver's been so much to me I can't imagine I'd ever want to live anywhere else." He was feeling good, so he sang along with the Bee Gees on the car radio. "Boy, I like those guys," he said, interrupting himself. "More than anything I'd like to be an entertainer, out on a stage in a flashy suit, singing, telling jokes. You know the Hudson Brothers? They're my all-round favorites. They sing, dance, do comedy. I told them once, 'I'd love to switch places with you guys for a year.' And they said, 'You're on'."

"I owe everything to football," he said, fingering a huge diamond ring whose stones formed 77, his uniform number. "How else could I be known

everywhere I go? People treat you like you're the President or something if you're a football player. It's ridiculous. Without football I'd probably be dealing dope on a street corner or sitting in a jail somewhere."

Dissolve to Inwood, a community on New York's Long Island, just east of the New York City line but not far enough removed to be a suburb. Inwood is part of an area known as the Five Towns—Inwood, Hewlett, Cedarhurst, Woodmere and Lawrence. It has long been primarily a Jewish middle-class neighborhood, and when Alzado, who is of Spanish-Italian descent on his father's side and Jewish on his mother's, was growing up in the Five Towns in the early '60s, he and Marc Lyons, his best friend, were among the underclass.

"I remember the house we lived in being cold, cold," Alzado says. "My dad would get mad and tear the only electric heater out of the wall. My mother, my sisters, Marc and me, we would all cuddle in one room, hungry and freezing, and light as many candles as we could find."

Alzado's father had been a professional boxer, and he started Lyle on the same road at the age of six. Alzado Sr. owned a paint business and a bar—and lost them both. "He was a drinker and a street fighter," Lyle says. "He was trying to suc-

ceed in a world that wouldn't let him, and things built up, frustrations. You can't keep getting knocked down over and over again. He was trying to be something better than he was, but everything he tried failed. Inside, he was a good man. I'm sure. But he just never took care of the family. Maybe he didn't know how."

When his father left home for good, Lyle was a sophomore in high school. The Alzados moved to what Lyons calls, without elaboration, a "terrible" apartment, and Lyle's mother Martha, with five children to feed, went to work in a flower store for \$60 a week.

"We were very poor," says Alzado. "My high school coach used to buy me lunch out of his own pocket. I remember his office had a glass window and I'd manage to be going by in the hall about 11:45 and I'd look in and he'd see me and he'd wave me in and slip me some money. I was hungry in those days." Lyle went to work, too. His first job, at the age of 16, was as a janitor in his own high school.

Lyons is 29 now and the head football coach at Stamford (Conn.) High School. "I met Lyle when we were in junior high, and we became like brothers," Lyons says. "When things were bad at home he'd come live with us, and I'd do the same. The trouble we got into was mostly fights. Lyle was a tough guy with a tough reputation. I would tag along. We weren't really bad guys, but we were always underdogs because of the economic situation in the Five Towns. It sort of gave you an inferiority complex. We'd break some kid's nose in a fight and then, when we'd get home, there would be the cops on our doorstep because the kid's father was a lawyer or a big doctor and he'd have complained and the police chief would have hopped right on it."

While he was still a juvenile, Alzado hung out in Manhattan's Spanish Harlem and was arrested several times for stealing cars and breaking and entering. As he grew older, though, fighting in Long Island bars became Alzado's main antisocial activity. Sometimes he went looking for fights, sometimes he didn't. Either way he usually wound up in the Nassau County jail. According to Lyons, Alzado never drank, never smoked a joint, never missed a single workout, but he fought like crazy.

"I've never been beaten up," says Al-

zado

On one recent day off Alzado visited 11-year-old Gary Dutcher Jr. at Denver's Children's Hospital.

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zado "I learned how not to be, how to use my hands and feet. My dad had a bar in Inwood called the Golden Dream. He made me a bouncer when I was still in high school. I learned my back-alley fighting in that bar. You pick up a pipe or you cut somebody when you need to."

Sharon Pike Alzado, a pretty, 26-year-old blonde from Yankton, S. Dak., says, "At first I didn't believe Lyle's stories. I'd see a scar and I'd say, 'What's that from?' He'd say it was from a stabbing and I wouldn't believe it."

For Alzado, athletics were the good part of life in the Five Towns. He was a 6' 3", 190-pound Police Athletic League boxer with a stone jaw who won 27 straight bouts. He was a trackman who ran the 100 in 9.9, the 220 in 21.9. And he was a defensive end on the Lawrence High School football team under Coach Jack Martilotta.

For a time Alzado was thrown out of almost every game for fighting, but by his senior year he was taking football seriously. "I was always going to play for the Yankees," says Lyons, whose true love was baseball, "and Lyle was going to play for the football Giants." Alzado and Lyons, along with Richie Mollo and Sul Ciampi, two other local football players who now are high school coaches, used to lift weights in Mollo's father's garage in Inwood. "It was a little old garage," says Lyons. "The weight records were written on the wall, and we'd have a ceremony every time we broke a record."

Lyons, Mollo and Ciampi, along with Ira Gordon, then a bashful center on the Lawrence team, kept after Alzado. "They were succeeding in the same environment I was in and they wanted me to succeed," says Lyle. "I guess you could say I love those guys, even though we're far apart and I only see them maybe once a year now."

The first step toward succeeding, however, was college, and Alzado's high school grades were bad. He had dozens of offers and inquiries from football powerhouses, but he could not even consider them because of his poor record, in and out of school. New Mexico State did offer Alzado a full ride, and he accepted. Then, two weeks before he was supposed to arrive in Las Cruces, he received a letter saying the scholarship was not available after all. "They didn't say why," says Lyle, "but I think they must have got hold of my police record."

So he tried Kilgore Junior College in

Texas. "A meat factory," says Lyons. "The kind of place where they make you try out. They tried Lyle at split end, because he was fast, but he's got board hands. He can't catch anything. So they told him he wasn't good enough. He hitched all the way from Kilgore to New Orleans and then he called our coach for help. Martilotta wired him the money to get home. Lyle was really discouraged."

Martilotta did not give up though. He made one last call, to Yankton (S. Dak.) College, a small private school that occasionally had recruited Long Island players. Yankton said yes, and so was born "The Yankton Flash," as Denver sportswriters now love to call Alzado.

Typically, Alzado did not have close friends in Yankton. Sharon was a student at the University of South Dakota, 30 miles away, and their paths never crossed until he met her two years after he graduated. But Lyle was happy enough. The school provided him with tutoring, the townspeople gave him credit, and he was grateful. Sharon explains, "South Dakota has so many state schools that they get all the local athletes. So Yankton had recruited quite a bit in the area. People were used to..." A tactful phrase eludes her for the moment. "Riff-raff," Lyle volunteers cheerfully.

Alzado started on a weight-lifting program at Yankton, and he went from 190 pounds to 230 by Christmas of his freshman year. By the end of his four years at Yankton he had been All-Tri-State Conference twice, MVP in the Copper Bowl in Butte, Mont., and a College All-Star Team selection. He also boxed, losing to Ron Stander in the final of Omaha's Golden Gloves tournament in 1969. (One judge had it 59-60, another 60-59 and the third called it 59-59, but gave the nod to Stander for aggressiveness.) "The most unpopular decision in years," said the Omaha Herald, Alzado lifted so many weights, always looking ahead to the pros, that Yankton later named its weight room for him.

Alzado had planned to major in physics but changed early to special education. He explains, "One day the wife of the athletic director asked me to come over to the grammar school to move some chairs, and while I was there I saw some little kids playing kickball. A little girl—she was retarded, only I didn't know it then—asked me to play, and I said, 'I can't play your game,' and she said, 'It's not my game, it's everybody's game.' Can

you imagine a little kid saying that?"

Alzado spent his summers on Long Island, and he and Lyons, who was at Central Connecticut on a baseball scholarship, picked up garbage for the Inwood Sanitation Department. "It was tough working behind a rotten smelly garbage truck," Lyons recalls. "We wore 20-pound vests and ankle weights and we'd run along behind the truck, which was going 6 mph. We'd get in five miles a day of roadwork that way. After the garbage route, we'd go to Mollo's father's garage and lift weights for three hours. Then I'd play baseball, and Lyle would go box. By the end of the summer we were in great shape, and so sick of lifting weights we couldn't wait to go back to school."

Alzado came to the attention of the Broncos in a peculiar way. Assistant Coach Stan Jones was on a scouting trip, when his car broke down one day in Butte, Mont. To pass the time, Jones paid a call at Montana Tech, the only college around, and watched a film of the 1969 Copper Bowl game between Montana Tech and Yankton. "I was particularly watching a Montana Tech halfback, but one guy on the other side popped up all the time," Jones says. "I asked, and they told me it was Lyle Alzado. We went into the draft convinced the kid could play defensive line for us. He had that kind of strength and quickness and he was a good, tough kid. I liked everything I had heard about him, and I was relieved when we got him."

"Lyle was like a kid when he first came to us," says Gerald Phipps, who, with his brother Allan, owns the Broncos. "He would lose his temper, get upset and not play as well as he was capable of playing. Pete Duranko hurt his knee in a pre-season game in Lyle's rookie year, and Lyle became a starter right off the bat. That's very tough to do. The first game was against Chicago, the dirtiest team around, and five minutes into the game Lyle was totally useless." He emerged from that game with four stitches in his nose and two in his forehead, but he was in the line to stay.

"Alzado makes things happen," says Red Miller, the Broncos' new head coach. "You get a guy like that once in a while. His intensity rubs off on the other players. He's moody, he has his ups and downs, but let him go sit in a corner. I don't care, I know the next morning he'll be jumping all over the place."

continued

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ALZADO continued

"We have a few holes in the walls around here," says Bob Peck, the Broncos' public relations man, "and we've had to fix some doors."

"That's good," says Miller. "I like people to show emotion."

Last year Alzado had to struggle to hide his emotions. On the first play from scrimmage of the first game of the 1976 season, a Cincinnati offensive tackle landed on Alzado's right knee and sent him to the hospital for surgery that ended his year. "If it happens again I'm packing my bags," says Sharon. "It tore him up a bit," says Defensive End Paul Smith. Alzado's friend and road roommate for seven years.

What really tore Alzado up was that the Broncos had their best record in history (9-5) and he was not part of it. He was at home in suburban Greenwood Pines, lying on a couch with Bronco, his beloved Samoyed, watching his team on TV and dying violent, noisy deaths.

"He didn't want anybody to look at his leg," said Steve Antonopoulos, the assistant trainer who supervised Alzado's year-long rehabilitation. "He always wanted to work when nobody was around. He'd say, 'Meet me at eight in the morning,' and then he'd work an hour and a half before anybody else showed up. He's the hardest working guy I've ever seen. Before he got hurt he was the third or fourth strongest guy on the team, after Robin Carter, Otis Armstrong and Paul Howard. Now he's first."

As Antonopoulos talked, Alzado was strapping himself into the Cybex II, a machine that resembles an electric chair with vinyl upholstery. Carter was dangling a leg in a whirlpool in the corner, and linebacker Joe Rizzo was having his shoulder taped by Allen Hurst, the head trainer. The Cybex II produces a print-out, like an EKG, of the intensity of muscle contractions during a set of leg raises against a selected amount of resistance.

Alzado did two sets of 15 leg raises that day, one on each leg. The effort he put forth was total. His features became contorted beyond recognition, and he emitted inhuman sounds of strain. Each set left him drained for a few moments, his massive head drooping, his shoulders heaving.

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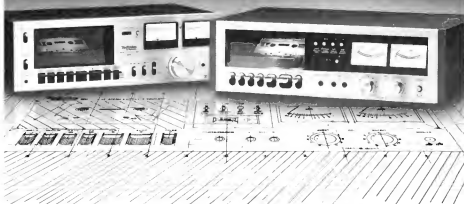
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With the notable exception of Bobby Fischer, who won the world championship from Boris Spassky in 1972 in a memorable Icelandic psychodrama, Soviets have dominated world chess for 30 years. And their reign is not about to end. This week, in the shabby elegance of the Dom Sindikata Theater in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, two Russians, Spassky and Viktor Korchnoi, are meeting for the right to play still another Russian, 26-year-old world champion Anatoly Karpov, for the title.

Spassky is now 40, and his figure, which was trim in Reykjavik, is a bit fleshier, his dark hair longer and more styled. But the same calm green eyes study the board, and the same long artistic fingers are placed along his cheekbones. The world champion from 1969 to 1972, Spassky remains the gentlemanly, dignified, poetic grand master, the Dr. Zhivago of chess.

Across the board sits the volatile, daring Korchnoi, 46, the world's No. 2 grand master. In further contrast to Spassky, the formerly chubby Korchnoi has lost a great deal of weight recently. His brown eyes glitter, his shoulders hunch as he lunges forward to advance a bishop into dangerous territory. Korchnoi seeks the dangerous position—in life as well as at the chessboard.

Burt Hochberg, editor of the U.S. Chess Federation's *Chess Life & Review*, calls the confrontation in Belgrade "the most humanly interesting match since Fischer-Spassky." Contributing factors are the importance of chess in the Soviet Union and the odd coincidence that Korchnoi and Spassky both grew up in Leningrad and have played against each other

TAUT DUEL FOR TWO OLD COMRADES

They grew up together in Russia and meet again for the right to face the champion, but one is a defector, the other an émigré

by J. D. REED





for 30 years. They lived through the war together as children, they know each other's games, tricks, weaknesses; they are old, old friends. In mid-1976 Korchnoi became a defector; soon thereafter Spassky moved to France to become what Korchnoi calls "a one-legged dissident," an émigré at the pleasure of the Soviet government.

After five games at the end of last week, Korchnoi was husbanding a $3\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{1}{2}$ lead over Spassky, though observers were giving the former champion the edge in "momentum." Playing with uncharacteristic hesitancy in a favorable position, Korchnoi had managed only a draw in the first game. The next two he won outright, leaving him ahead $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$. (The match could go as many as 20 games, with one point for a win and half a point for a draw; the winner thus needs at least 10½ points.) But in the fourth game, against a supposedly reeling Spassky, Korchnoi had to struggle to salvage a draw, and in the fifth Spassky took the initiative away from him; from mid-game, Korchnoi was obviously playing for the draw. Nevertheless, Korchnoi remained confident. "I can lose one game, draw 14 and still win," he said. Spassky was saying nothing.

The contrasts between the two challengers are deep, starting with the fact that Korchnoi is accessible and talkative, while Spassky is neither. Before the match began, Spassky would grant no interviews or pose for photographs either at his home at 38 rue de Belgaque in Meudon, a middle-class suburb between Paris and Versailles, or in Belgrade.

His silence, according to Colonel Ed Edmondson, the U.S. Chess Federation representative on the executive committee of FIDE (the world's ruling chess body), was not because he is an aloof man or on account of a cranky dislike of the press. "Spassky doesn't dare speak out on any subject," says Edmondson, who has known the former champion for years. "It doesn't make any difference whether the subject is Korchnoi, the match, his own life or yesterday's weather. He lives in France on a travel visa granted him by the Soviet government, and right now he doesn't want to go back."

Spassky, married (for the third time) to the former Marina Stcherbatcheff, a pert Soviet woman who worked in the French embassy in Moscow, is enjoying the good life too much. "He is happier than I have ever seen him,"

continued



Awaiting the winner in 1978 is Karpov, the 26-year old champion

says Edmondson. In fact, it is said that Spassky has confided to friends that he will not go back, and if so ordered would, like Korchnoi, defect to the West—probably to France.

When he returned to the U.S.S.R. after being badly defeated by Fischer in '72, it was widely reported that Spassky was moved to a smaller apartment, lost his editorship of *64*, the powerful Soviet chess publication, was forbidden to play abroad or to write chess reviews and had his generous state salary cut in half. (Soviet authorities, however, deny that any retribution was visited on Spassky.)

Whatever his circumstances, in 1973 Spassky won the U.S.S.R. championship, in which Karpov, Korchnoi and three others tied for second, as well as a number of national tournaments. Although he divorced his second wife—a move frowned upon in a country where chess masters are supposed to be paragons of virtue—he was reported to be back in the government's good graces. But two years ago, when he declared that he wished to marry Marina and applied to live abroad with her, the Soviet authorities gave their permission as long as the couple got married in the Soviet Union. The catch was that the date the couple

board, of all places. A few years ago, in a match against Tigran Petrosian, a former world champion and editor of *64*, Korchnoi became infuriated because Petrosian was jiggling his leg, disrupting Korchnoi's concentration. Instead of complaining to the match judge, which is the prescribed procedure, Korchnoi leaned over and said to the older grand master, "Stop that, Petrosian! Where do you think you are, in a bazaar?" The resulting flap lasted for days and produced flurries of censure from various authorities. Finally Korchnoi was made to write a public apology.

In a match against Spassky, Korchnoi became infuriated at the spectators in the workers' gallery—the equivalent of the bleachers at Fenway Park—and walked to the edge of the stage, stuck out his imposing chin and yelled, "Shut up, you idiots." Again there was a flurry of editorials critical of Korchnoi's "unprovoked attack on the pride of Russia's working class."

Korchnoi prepared for the Belgrade match with Spassky by retiring to a secluded West German sanitarium overlooking Switzerland's Lake Constance, there to lose weight, quit smoking and study chess. Arriving at Korchnoi's re-

treat, a long, low Holiday Inn-looking building with a jogging and exercise circuit, a visitor is prepared for Korchnoi, at least the one he has read about. But it turns out that not only is there a Viktor the Loud and a Viktor the Slightly Mad, but there is also a Viktor the Charming, the Gracious, the Funny.

He sat in his room at the spa, spooning up nutritious-looking green soup and reading the *International Herald Tribune* to improve his quite serviceable English. "Look here," he said, pointing with his spoon to the front page of the paper. "Tito's wife has been put under house arrest for anti-government activities." He smiled, permitting a glimpse of a few gold molars. "I'll bet Tito just has a new girl friend and wanted the old woman out of the way for a while. Don't believe what you read in the papers!" His booming laugh reached a group of pudgy West German businessmen in jogging suits doing pushups on the lawn and they stared up toward his window.

"It is the same in chess," said Korchnoi. "Don't believe the political reasons for things, or even the technical ones. The human element, the human flaw and the human nobility—those are the reasons that chess matches are won or lost. Our humanity is all we really have, eh?"

In part, Korchnoi learned his humanity through suffering. The son of a Jewish father and a Catholic mother, he remembers his mother as "never having any furniture except vegetable crates and, of course, a piano, for she was a teacher." When his parents' marriage dissolved, he was shuttled among relatives. By the age of 10 he was living in a flat in Leningrad with 13 other families. It was the terrible winter of 1941, when the German army had the city cut off.

"I watched my older relatives die off one by one from complications caused by starvation," he says with a pained shrug. "When one would die, we'd put the body outside to freeze, and then my brother and I would have to drag it on a sled to the burial authorities. We kept the food ration cards, of course. The living have to go on living."

By the end of the war he had become inextricably bound up in chess. His days were spent in the Pioneers' Palace in Leningrad—one of the youth clubs that abound in the U.S.S.R.—where the teacher, grand master V. G. Zak, had recognized his promise. "One day when I was 12 or so, Zak made me sit with my

continued

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39⁹⁵



back to the board," Korchnoi recalls. "He played white and called out the moves. I remember that I played the Hungarian defense and I lasted for 20 moves. Zak said, 'Good boy, someday you'll be a master.'"

Zak evidently had a talent for spotting promising youngsters. "I remember when Spassky's parents brought him to Zak," Korchnoi recalls. "Boris must have been 10 or so. Zak played a game with him and immediately put him on the state payroll. Like me, from his earliest days, Spassky's whole life was chess."

"Zak is still alive," says Korchnoi, "old now and lonely, but he taught us so much more than chess—literature, music, a love of physical sports. Most important, he taught us to be fearless about the truth. He was a good man and gave us a sense of justice that has stuck with both of us. I think. That's why I have defected, and why Boris is having his own troubles with the regime. Justice."

As Korchnoi became a master and, at the age of 25, a grand master, he also began to display the independence that became the despair of the Soviet sports authorities. "A Russian sports champion is supposed to be a perfect model of a Communist man," he says, and at least at the chessboard he was, winning the USSR chess championship four times.

By the early '60s Korchnoi was constantly being censured and reprimanded for doing things like taking a girl to the movies in West Germany or losing a few rubles in the casino at Curaçao. But the quality of his play was such that by the early '70s he was a celebrity, known to millions of his countrymen through weekly television programs about chess ("In Russia we show chess problems on TV instead of murders," says Korchnoi). He had a fine apartment, a wife and son, a car, \$500 a month and more freedom than most of his countrymen. But he was feeling closed in, stifled by authority.

"There's an old story that illustrates how I felt," says Korchnoi. "There was this Gypsy [Gypsy jokes are the Russian equivalent of Polish jokes here] who had a horse with a big appetite for hay. It was driving him broke. 'Ah,' thinks the Gypsy, 'I'll teach him to go without eating. He's a smart horse.'"

"After a few weeks the horse died, of course. The Gypsy just shook his head and said, 'If only he would have hung on for a few more days, I know he'd have learned to get used to it!'"

"I could not breathe. I only played where and when I was told. I had no chance to further my own career, to play the tournaments that I thought best." As he began to turn both personally and professionally away from the party line, he demanded openly that "advisers"—he believed them to be KGB men—no longer accompany him outside the country, and he and other masters objected strenuously when the Soviet Chess Federation demanded a share of the money they were winning in international tournaments.

The big rupture came in 1974 during Korchnoi's final Candidates match with Karpov, the same tournament in which he is now playing Spassky. But then there was one big difference. Three years ago it was clear that the moody Fischer, who was still feuding with FIDE, the Soviet Union and almost everyone else, would not come out to defend his world championship. So for all intents and purposes Karpov-Korchnoi was for the title.

Karpov had already proved himself by overwhelming Spassky 4-1 in a semifinal match. According to Korchnoi, just before that match the Russian Chess Federation lured away Spassky's second of many years, grand master Yefim Geller, and installed him as Karpov's second, thus giving the youngster access to much of Spassky's thinking, his strengths and weaknesses.

At the spa Korchnoi recalled the Korchnoi-Karpov match. "Karpov was the official favorite in every respect," he said. "He was obedient; I was a guy who wouldn't shut up. He was young, promising much for the future; I was not. He was very high up in the Communist Party. He was the all-Soviet everything, a working-class kid who, even after he'd lived in Moscow for years, still wore old, heavy peasant suits and spoke with a hick accent. He was the representative of the people."

"And I was an aging half-Jew from Leningrad, a hotbed of the despised intelligentsia. As you say in English, the deck was stacked."

Before the match Korchnoi began claiming to the press that he was more likely to defeat Fischer than Spassky, Petrosian and Karpov put together. He told one paper, "Now I'll have to go to Moscow to beat the little boy."

According to Korchnoi, the two grand

masters that he requested as his analysts for the match were mysteriously sent away from Moscow to play in other tournaments. The man who was finally assigned, Korchnoi thought untrustworthy "I was a man obsessed," Korchnoi says. "During the match I received threatening letters from so-called workers, telling me that if I beat Karpov by some miracle, I would suffer." Complaining that Karpov stared at him excessively, Korchnoi engaged in gamesmanship of his own by wearing dark glasses during the games and fingering worry beads; he believed the clicking irritated Karpov.

Still, the match had some lighter moments. "I had a sports psychologist working with me," says Korchnoi, smiling at the memory. "He was mostly advising me on biorhythms, concentration and so on. But Karpov believed that the doctor was working some evil influence on him. So the Soviet chess people got the top psychiatrist in the country—the man who worked with the Cosmonauts—to help Karpov. The two doctors stood in a corridor outside the hall where we played, staring at each other, each trying to nullify the other's effects."

"The pressures were terrible; the broken confidences, the veiled threats—I truly thought that if I won, something would happen to me, like an 'accident' in the street."

Scoffs one old friend, "Viktor was always dramatic. He sees KGB men behind every bush." Counters Korchnoi, "When you live in the Soviet Union the line between paranoia and reality is often blurred. Ask Solzhenitsyn Ask Spassky." In what one observer called "the longest, hardest-fought, closest major match in modern chess history," after nine weeks and 24 games Korchnoi lost 3-2.

After that he really blew his cork. He told a Yugoslav reporter that Karpov couldn't beat Fischer, and that, although he respected Karpov's chess play, he resented the machinations of the authorities. And he made the unforgivable error of saying that he thought Bobby Fischer the best chess player in history.

For his ill-advised interview, Korchnoi believes he suffered a familiar fate—smaller apartment, smaller salary, no foreign travel, no television appearances, orders to play tournaments in places like Estonia. "I was becoming a non-person," says Korchnoi. "They even told my son at school that he would have a rough time growing up with a father like me." Fol-

continued

lowing his comments on Karpov, Korchnoi was cited by Petrosian for bad sportsmanship, poor patriotism, egotism and bad manners in a statement published in *Soviet Sport*. After Korchnoi defected, another castigating letter was signed by 31 Soviet chess masters. Notably absent were the signature of Boris Spassky and those of six other grand masters.

When he was allowed to travel again in 1976, Korchnoi played a match in Holland and then walked into an Amsterdam police station and asked for—and was given—a residence permit. He lives now in Switzerland, has found a West German backer and hopes to coach the West German entry in the chess Olympics.

After lunch Korchnoi proposed a trip to the nearby village of Meersburg, where he wanted to shop for some smaller shirts—he has lost 30 pounds and no longer resembles a Soviet tractor-factory foreman all dressed up for Saturday night. Walking through the winding streets of Meersburg, Korchnoi talked about chess. His style resembles his personality—he is most dangerous when attacked, when threatened and under pressure. He thrives on extending his material, tempting opponents to attack, from which position he can bring into play his defensive acumen to force a win. As a result, he has much better luck playing black than white.

"My weakness is the middle game," Korchnoi said, "and although I work hard on it, I usually find myself in trouble then. And the middle game, unfortunately for me, is Spassky's forte."

"I try to discipline myself," he said loudly. He was waving his arms in front of a shop window and attracting confused stares from the villagers. "I try to play patiently, tactically and logically. But then the old fire gets in me, and I can't stand it. I explode and start extending myself. I don't like draws."

"My favorite grand master was Emanuel Lasker, the 'German Tiger,' who was world champion from 1894 to 1921. Lasker said that chess wasn't a gentleman's game; it wasn't a science or an art or a nice exercise in strategy. Chess, Lasker believed, was a damn rough sport. It is the ultimate battle of will and ego, the best that man has ever devised. It is the thing that nature most loves—a fight!" Korchnoi was practically shouting now. His chin jutted out, and the villagers cut a wide arc around him.

Korchnoi has been playing brilliantly

of late. Last spring he beat his arch-enemy Petrosian in the first round of the Candidates' Selection 6½-5½ and this summer demolished Lev Polugayevsky 8½-4½. Yet he still worries about his reputation as a counterattacker. "I try to get away from it," he said. "To sit there waiting to get attacked—it's too much a female fate." He winked.

In the Dom Sindikata Theater, Korchnoi will not have an easy time of it with the former world champion, his old friend and political half-ally Boris Spassky. Although Spassky didn't get to the final round of eight among the candidates in the elimination leading up to the title match (he was ranked ninth and won a seat only because, as expected, Fischer declined to play), and although he had a great deal of trouble beating first the Czech grand master, Vlastimil Hort, 8½-7½, and then squeaking by the tough Hungarian, Lajos Portisch, 8½-6½, he is hardly a pushover.

His main fault, according to American grand master Robert Byrne, "is a certain sterility in his thinking at the board. Spassky occasionally has to do something daring, like an early queen sacrifice. That seems to clean out his brain, and he can settle down for the match."

Korchnoi himself measures Spassky as much in political as chess-oriented terms. "I know of no man more capable of perfection than Boris," he says. "From an average member of Soviet society—featureless, unreasoning, submissive—he has become an independent, discerning thinker."

"As a player, Boris has the imaginative ability to sacrifice material for gaining the initiative in a game. He is very strong in the middle game, where I am weak," Korchnoi shrugs and then smiles. "But other than that he is a quite ordinary grand master."

Says Colonel Edmondson, "Spassky is at the top of his form psychologically, but on the other hand, Korchnoi has been playing brilliantly. Although Viktor can irritate opponents with his wild play, nothing much unnerves Spassky. He's seen Viktor's game for 30 years now and he's not likely to fall into some trap I wouldn't put any bets on this one."

And Korchnoi, in turn, must watch out. "Spassky starts a game lazily, lulling an opponent into a false sense of security," says Byrne. "Then he pounces."

If Spassky should win, the Soviet

Chess Federation—under FIDE rules—would have the right to select the site for the world championship, because both Karpov and Spassky are Soviet citizens. The Soviets would certainly pick a city in the U.S.S.R., which would be to Spassky's disadvantage, for there is speculation that if he indeed agreed to go, he might not get back out again. A Korchnoi victory would be to the Soviets' disadvantage. It is unlikely that the match would occur in the U.S.S.R. and, furthermore, how can someone regarded as a non-person actually play against Karpov? It would tax even the experts at Tass to report the match without mentioning Karpov's opponent.

At the recent FIDE meetings in Venezuela, however, there was an indication that the Soviets might be loosening up a little on their usual non-negotiable demands about the world championship format and their paranoid protection of Karpov. "I had time to talk a bit with Karpov," says Edmondson. "He's 26 now, and he's beginning to see the light about international competition."

"First, against the wishes of the Soviets, he argued for and got what Fischer always wanted—a world championship match in which draws do not count. The first player to win six games outright, no matter how many they have to play or how many draws, will be the winner. The Soviets have always been against this, figuring that their well-schooled players are finely tuned enough to last through any number of half-point draws and finally win after gaining an early advantage. But Karpov managed to argue them out of it. He wants a more exciting final match, and I think, too, since he's the champion only because of Fischer's default in 1975, he feels that he has to prove something."

"Secondly, Karpov got FIDE to promise him a rematch if he should lose 6-5 in the championship. He's not so dumb. That's prize money twice and greater world interest. Like Korchnoi and Spassky, Karpov is learning the wicked ways of the Western business world. He even told me that he'd like the match to be in Iran, perhaps thinking of the big oil-money purse."

As the two old friends from the Pioneers' Palace in Leningrad play chess in Belgrade, championship rule changes and big purses are far from their minds. They are concentrating on 64 tile squares and the hand-carved wooden figures that occupy them.

END



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GETTING INSIDE THEIR 'SKINS

Washington is a city in love with the sound of its own voice. Whether you are in the Senate gallery, in a banquet at Sans Souci or watching TV in suburban Maryland, you will encounter no shortage of "seasoned political observers" more than willing to serve up pithy pronouncements on everything from the Humphrey-Hawkins bill to Yasser Arafat's bathing habits.

But for the last seven years there has been one subject Washington has enjoyed hearing itself talk about even more than politics—the city's pro football team. The Redskins have made the playoffs for five of those years and, along the way, become a local obsession. In recent autumns it would have surprised hardly anyone at a Georgetown dinner party to hear Henry Kissinger, with his mouth full of civar canapés, discoursing about the grace of Charley Taylor. The only snag for Henry and other pundits was that they were always running out of interesting things to say about the Redskins. This embarrassing state of affairs was caused by Coach George Allen, who has created an intelligence gap by occasionally closing his practices to the press and generally keeping his own counsel.

The Washington media have leaped in to fill this information vacuum by giving nearly every warm body connected with the Redskins, short of owner Edward Bennett Williams and Trainer Bubba Tyer, his own TV or radio show. Nine Redskin players and Allen take to the airwaves each week to discuss, make excuses for—and occasionally even offer some insight into—their team.

Among the questions raised by these programs is whether they are news or entertainment. Generally, a pregame or postgame show is considered to be entertainment, and the cost of putting it on comes from the station's general programming budget. However, Allen does a weekly spot called *Special Assignment* that runs eight to 10 minutes as part of the WJLA-TV (ABC's Washington affiliate) Monday night news. Does that, in effect, make Allen a news commentator for WJLA? Would he withhold a news story from a reporter for a competing station to save it for WJLA? Does this smell like checkbook journalism? And what about Running Back Mike Thomas, who appears with sportscasters Jim Simpson and Nick Charles on the local NBC station, WRC-

TV, during Monday night newscasts? Or Quarterback Joe Theismann, who is a regular on WJLA's AM-Washington show on Mondays?

None of the broadcasters who put these programs on the air feel there is a conflict of interest, and as Redskin PR Director Jack Fleischer says, "If the stations hired our people because they thought they were going to get something exclusive, they've been disappointed." Still, there have been troubling moments. After Washington's first game against

Dallas this season, Allen led reporters at his regular Monday press conference to believe that Fullback John Riggins would require surgery for a knee injury he sustained in the game. That night, just before Allen went on the air to do *Special Assignment*, he was told that Riggins' leg would not be operated on after all and that he might be able to play by late November. Allen served up this "scoop" to WJLA's viewers, much to the dismay of reporters who had attended his news conference earlier in the day and had not been informed by the Redskins that Riggins' status had changed.

The Redskins' front office says that it gives its players no guidelines about what they can and cannot discuss on the air, but the athletes feel there are implicit limitations. Pete Wysocki, a member of the Redskins' special teams, does 2½-minute radio spots each day for WRC-AM and WKYS-FM. "We talk about practically anything on my show," says Wysocki. "Gay life in the NFL, drugs, all the usual stuff. The one thing you won't hear is any second-guessing of the coach. After you've been around a few years you know what not to discuss."

Wysocki is just one of several non-household names who have shows. Linebacker Rusty Tillman does a daily report for WEEL radio in Fairfax, Va.; Kicker Mark Moseley broadcasts Monday through Friday for WOHN radio in Herndon, Va., and Safety



UNLIKE REDSKIN PLAYERS, JURGENSEN CRITICIZES THE COACH

Ken Houston gives a live phone-in report every day on WMAL radio. Linebacker Chris Hanburger broadcasts a pregame show every Sunday and does three-minute spots on three other days, all for radio station WASH.

The station with the most comprehensive "skin-watch" is WTOP-TV, the capital's CBS affiliate. Sonny Jurgensen, the popular former quarterback, is now a sportscaster for the station and co-hosts its 30-minute Monday night show, *Redskin Sidelines*. The program includes highlight films, interviews with Washington players and a question-and-answer session with Quarterback Billy Kilmer. It is the liveliest and most informative of all the "skin" shows, primarily because Jurgensen is not afraid to poke fun at the Redskins or to criticize Allen.

Sidelines got a healthy Nielsen rating of 11 in October, far better than another of the station's football shows, *Redskin Kickoff*. Kickoff is co-hosted by Tight End Jean Fagett and appears on Sunday before the CBS coverage of Redskin games. Fagett, who also works for WTOP in the off-season, is extremely articulate and can narrate highlight films with the best of them. But the show got only a five rating in October, compared to 36% for the games that followed it. "Let's face it," says Kickoff and Sidelines co-producer Rick Sharp, "people don't want to see a bunch of 250-pounders talking about last week's game. They want to see the bull in the air." **END**



At Cal, Jones rebounded, dunked in one jump

A blue chip at Reno

The University of Nevada's northern branch has a marvelous but little known center in 6' 10" Edgar Jones, who hurts opponents even when he himself is injured

The basketball freak was excited and a bit worried as he wedged himself into his seat last Thursday night at Cal's Harmon Gym. Almost 12 years before, at a game in Tempe, Ariz., he had gotten an early glimpse of the marvelously talented but little known Texas Western Miners, who went on to upset Kentucky in the NCAA final later that season. Almost 11 years before, in Owensboro, Ky., he had first laid eyes on the marvelously talented but little known Walt Frazier, who a few months later led Southern Illinois to the NIT title. There had been few such discoveries since, but his underground sources had told him to expect another in the Texas Western-Walt Frazier class this night in Berkeley: 6' 10" junior Center Edgar Jones of the University of Nevada-Reno.

The sources had described Jones as Bunyanesque—or, at least, Walbunyanesque. It was said he is such a barrier on defense and such a dynamo on offense that the state of Nevada is considering renaming Hoover Dam in his honor. But there were denigrating whispers, too, which claimed Reno had signed Jones despite a high school transcript that was emblazoned with some very low numbers.

What worried the basketball freak was not Jones' rather poor prospects of making Phi Beta Kappa, but his even poorer prospects in this game. Two nights earlier, when the UNR Wolf Pack had chewed up Brigham Young 100-66, Jones had caught an elbow in the mouth. The blow removed one of his front teeth and loosened two others, which is an effective way to turn a Wolf into a devotee of Jell-O. A Reno dentist had put the tooth back in and secured it with wires and cement.

And Jones had a fractured bone in the middle finger of his shooting hand. He would be playing without a splint. And his nose, broken in his freshman year, had yet to be repaired. And Cal is a pretty good team; it had not lost in Harmon Gym in its last 11 games there.

To ease his concern, the freak remem-

bered Jones' sophomore statistics (23.7 points and 13.1 rebounds a game—14th and ninth in the nation, respectively) and his rave reviews:

Pro scout Marty Blake: "There's no question that Edgar has the potential to be a first-round draft choice. He has all the tools. At times he's awesome."

Pepperdine's Coach Gary Colson, against whose team Jones had 91 points and 47 rebounds in three games last season: "He's the best college big man I've seen since Bill Walton."

Cal Coach Dick Edwards: "He's quite possibly the best center in the country. He is really a dominant player."

Reno Coach Jim Carey: "There's no doubt that in the 21 years I've coached, he's the best player I've had."

Despite his throbbing gums and unbendable finger, Jones lived up to his notices in the first half against Cal. He began by swishing two soft jump shots and then slammed in a dunk after barreling in from the right side. He soared for a rebound and, on the way down, dumped the ball two-handed into the hoop as if he were dropping a cantaloupe in a trash barrel. Then Jones hit a long jumper from out on the wing. The basketball freak did not dare glance away to check out the cheerleaders, because he was afraid he would miss Jones grabbing the top of the backboard and stomping the ball through the basket with his feet.

The trouble was that Jones' teammates were not contributing much, and while trying to stop Cal all by himself, Jones got into foul trouble. With 3:01 to go in the half, he got his fourth personal, and at halftime the Bears had a 52-38 lead.

Carey, who is in his second season at Reno, gambled by starting Jones in the second half, correctly figuring that the Wolf Pack had no chance of winning without him. The strategy worked, and Reno fought its way back to lead by three, before Cal again moved in front by one. Jones made a free throw to tie the score at 77 as time ran out.

At the start of overtime Jones con-

tinued

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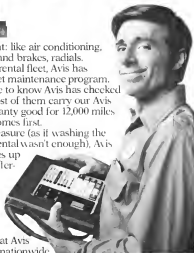
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trolled the tap and scored from underneath, and Reno never trailed after that. The final score was 89-81.

Playing more than a half with four fouls, Jones had scored 33 points, taken down 17 rebounds and blocked three shots. He was not nearly so fortunate Saturday night at San Diego State, where the Pack played its fourth game in six days and lost 113-88. Jones, denied the ball by a double-teaming defense, again got into foul trouble. When he picked up his fifth with 9:19 to play, he had only nine points and eight rebounds.

Jones was born in Alabama, where his mother was a high-scoring basketball player, but he grew up in Newark, N.J., where no one bothered to prepare him for higher education. He had no intention of going to college—he didn't even know what a JC was until a couple of years ago—and cut classes regularly.

Then, in the summer between his freshman and sophomore years at Barringer High, he sprouted from a six-foot football player to a 6'6" basketball player, although he did not start playing for the varsity until he was a junior. Most of his high school glory came late, in all-star games. At the Seacoast Classic in the Catskills he was a last-minute addition. His name was not in the program, and he did not start the game, yet he was named MVP over such future college stars as Bill Cartwright of USF and Bernard Toome of Marquette.

Suddenly a decidedly unstudious kid became college material. He had to go to summer school to get his "high school diploma," and then he headed for Reno, a recruit of Jim Padgett, the UNR coach at the time.

According to a resentful Jones, the NCAA did not start sniffing around until he became a star. The university insisted that according to the transcript sent by Barringer High, Jones had been graduated with a 2.0, or C, average. The NCAA investigators, although denied access to Jones' records by law, insisted that something was rotten in Reno. UNR was put on indefinite probation in September 1976. When the school relented and declared Jones ineligible, the NCAA changed the probation to one year.

But, as the NCAA now knows all too well, Nevada is an ornery state. Attorney Frank Fahrenkopf, a UNR grad and state chairman of the Republican Party, went to bat for Jones. Judge John E. Gabrielli, also a UNR alumnus, handed

down an injunction forcing the school to let Jones play, which it did—with pleasure. Later, Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian, who is having his own troubles with the NCAA, successfully used similar courtroom tactics. To NCAA sleuths, it will be the equivalent of San Quentin playing Sing Sing when the two Nevada schools meet next week.

Carey went out last spring and gathered some fair players to give Jones support: Guard Johnny High from Birmingham and Lawson State JC in Alabama; Guard Mike (Fly) Gray from Detroit and Lincoln Trail JC in Illinois; Forward Michael Stallings from Brooklyn and Colby Community College in Kansas. High and Gray each hit 12 of 19 shots against BYU and are known as "The Fly 'n' High Show."

But nobody scored higher than Jones in the Cal game, and he was still aloft when he zipped into the Wolf Pack locker room after a postgame radio interview. "Hey, the dunk is the shot," he said with a grin that showed off his strip mine of a mouth. "I don't miss them. If anybody was asleep, I wanted to wake them up." So much for game analysis from the player who, some scouts now think, could be the first man picked in next spring's NBA draft if he decides to turn pro.

Said an equally elated Carey, "If there's anybody better than Edgar, show him to me. I'll match him with anyone, even when he's not feeling well."

Carey figured that UNR had already wowed the Western Athletic Conference (Brigham Young) and the Pacific Eight (Cal). Although he hardly dazzled the Pacific Coast Athletic Association (San Diego State), he was aiming to startle the Big Eight (Nebraska) and, finally, in the Probation Classic, Las Vegas.

"Hey, we've even got it on our stationery," he said as he left Harmon Gym. "THE NEW POWER IN THE WEST."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST Louisville's Doctors of Dunk began the season by performing like so many quacks. After failing to get a slam while losing their opener at Providence, they went another 24-45 without a dunk against Vanderbilt. Then the Doctors took off. After receiving a long feed from

Ricky Gallon, Rick Wilson came through with the Cardinals' first slam of the season, a rather standard two-hand affair. Darrell Griffith then added a behind-the-head smash that delighted the sellout crowd of 16,433 attending Louisville's first home game. Wilson finished with 26 points, Griffith with 24 and Gallon with 11 as the Cardinals won 96-66.

Also having difficulty getting going was Cincinnati. After the Bearcats zipped to a 26-10 lead over North Carolina A&T, Coach Gale Carlett began substantiating freely, and soon the Bearcats were scrambling to preserve their 62nd straight home-court victory. It took a pair of one-and-one foul shots by Eddie Lee with six seconds remaining to pull out a 58-57 victory. Pat Cummings, who had 16 points in that game, had 20 more as Cincinnati made it 63 in a row with a 77-62 pounding of Brevinsy. Center Bob Miller, who had scored just 19 points in the Bearcats' first two games, matched that total against the Bobcats.

Mississippi State gambled by using a zone defense against Arkansas and came up a loser. In the opening five minutes, the Razorbacks raced to a 16-6 lead, so the Bulldogs switched to a man-to-man. That did not work either, as Arkansas, which shot 64%, won 94-61 with Ron Brewer sinking 12 of 15 shots and scoring 24 points.

"I guess that's why you play two halves," said South Dakota Coach Jack Doyle after losing 69-52 at Kansas State. The Coyotes, who had scored 128 points while winning their opener against Western, got only 34 in the first half against the Wildcats, but their .607 shooting was good enough to give them a four point halftime lead. Then came the second half, during which the Coyotes shot only .290 against State's zone. Curtis Redding pumped in 19 points for the Wildcats, and freshman Rolando Blackman came off the bench to sink five of six shots and grab eight rebounds. During a 76-58 win over SMU, Redding had 26 points and 13 rebounds. Blackman was on target with five of eight shots—he was 17 for 24 after his first three games—and finished with 14 points.

Kansas displayed surprising fire power while destroying Central Missouri 82-65. Fordham 99-67 and SMU 107-71. The first-game output was the highest ever for the Jayhawks, who began playing basketball in 1898. Against SMU, they stole the ball 16 times, with John Douglas making six of the swipes.

The Show-Me Classic in Columbia, Mo. got off to a confusing start. Early in a first-round game between Texas-El Paso and Northwestern, the officials forgot how many foul shots should be awarded for a technical on the bench. Calvin (I Have but One Shot To Take for My Team) Hale of the Miners was permitted only one free throw, which he made. Then, after a Wildcat basket, the officials realized Hale should have been given two shots. Thus, 43 seconds after making his

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first foul shot, Hale sank his second, and the Miners eventually won 58-54. Missouri, an 87-66 winner over Butler, continued its domination of the five-year-old tournament by winning its fifth title with a 74-61 victory over UTEP. Tiger Guard Larry Drew, who scored 35 points in the two games, was named the MVP. Somehow, though, he did not make the all-tournament squad.

1. ARKANSAS (4-0)

2. CINCINNATI (3-0) & LOUISVILLE (1-1)

MIDEAST Before Purdue played at Indiana State, 1,500 T-shirts with the prophetic inscription "BEAT PURDUE" were on sale for \$3 each. Shouted one hawker, "Get 'em now. They're going to be worth a lot more when this game is over." When the game was over, the Sycamores had a resounding 91-63 victory. Excelling for State were Larry Bird (26 points, 17 rebounds, eight assists), Jim Smith (12 points, 11 assists), freshman Leroy Staley (22 points) and Harry Morgan (18 points). On defense, the Sycamores forced 22 turnovers and held Joe Barry Carroll to 14 points.

Richard Johnson, the seven-foot, 245-pound sophomore who had contained Carroll, amassed 17 points, 16 rebounds and six blocked shots as Indiana State wallbanged Baptist (S.C.) 100-55. Bird tossed in 31 points and Morgan 29 during an 84-68 conquest of St. Louis.

T-shirts were also the vogue at LSU, where Coach Dale Brown gave one to each of his players that said "I'M PROUD OF MY DEFENSE. There was one catch to the giveaway: Brown insisted they could not wear their shirts until they earned them. After LSU shocked Washington State 83-58, while out-rebounding the Cougars 43-37 and forcing 26 turnovers, Brown said, "Tonight every Tiger can wear that shirt."

Then along came Division II New Orleans, coached by Butch van Breda Koff, the old Princeton coach who is back at college after nine seasons with the pros. His Privateers made 16 of 19 second-half shots at LSU and came away with a 73-69 win. Wayne Cooper, a 6'10" senior, scored 22 points for New Orleans. Said Brown, "I should get the demented award for scheduling this."

Following its loss to Indiana State, Purdue regrouped and wallbanged Alabama 82-65. Carroll had 26 points, grabbed 16 rebounds and blocked seven shots.

Dave Patton scored 20 points as Notre Dame beat Baylor 98-57 and Don Williams scored 20 in an 89-75 victory over Valparaiso. Notre Dame freshman Kelly Tripucka tossed in a total of 37 points.

Improbably, the score at the end of 18 minutes was St. Thomas (Minn.) 28, Marquette 25. But from then on, the Warriors whipped the upstarts and thundered to an 89-45 win as the reserves scored 42 points. Against West-

ern Michigan, the bench produced 17 of the Warriors' last 19 points in a 59-47 win.

Two days before his opening game, Detroit Coach Dick Vitale resigned because of all health and turned the job over to assistant Dave Gaines. After Terry Dueroed hit on 12 of 14 shots and scored 25 points during Gaines' debut, a 76-64 win over Toledo, the Titans presented the game ball to Vitale. Then, with John Long zeroing in for 21 points and both Terry Tyler and Dueroed for 20, the Titans ran away from Adrian 112-69.

Freshman Earvin Johnson admitted he was "just so tight" during Michigan State's 68-61 win over Central Michigan. Johnson had more turnovers (eight) than points (seven), but another newcomer, Forward Jay Vincent, came off the bench to score 25 points.

Michigan wiped out Eastern Michigan 117-69 as Joel Thompson had 22 points and freshman Mike Magee and Tom Staton 20 apiece. Western Michigan was upset at home 56-52 by Grand Valley State.

Syracuse was stunned 76-67 at Dayton as 6'7" Erv Giddings scored 24 points. Two other New York teams barely avoided upsets. After trailing early at Vanderbilt, St. John's began getting the ball inside to George Johnson (19 points) and freshman Wayne McKay (14 points, 11 rebounds). Guard Mike Rhodes had 21 points for the Commodores, who lost 59-54. Iowa took the Citrus Invitational, skimming past North Alabama 69-67 on Kevin Hamilton's 22-foot jumper in the last second and then beating Florida Southern 64-54 in the title game.

1. KENTUCKY (1-0)

2. NOTRE DAME (3-0) 3. MARQUETTE (2-0)

WEST San Francisco, which last season had a 29-game winning streak, had its latest string snapped at two. After defeating Tennessee 84-75 in the first round of the Fiesta Classic, the Dons were beaten 89-79 by Arizona State in the finale. The San Devils, who entered the tournament 0-2, started off by outscoring Iowa State 87-69. They then joined the Dons, as tournament MVP Guard Blake Taylor directed the running game and State's front line limited San Francisco's potent forefront of James Hardy, Doug Jensen and Winford Boyne to 23 points. Guard Chubby Cox poured in 26 points for the Dons, but the San Devils got 22 from Roy Joshua and a total of 25 points and 19 rebounds from Tony Zeno and Bill Kucharsky. Tennessee took third place by beating Iowa State 81-76, despite having to play without Captain-Guard Johnny Darden. Darden was hospitalized after nearly drowning. His life was saved when teammate James McInverther pulled him from the bottom of a swimming pool and other players administered artificial respiration.

UCLA had two solid victories, 164-70 over Colorado and 88-79 over Santa Clara. The Bruins continued



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Bruins established Pauley Pavilion records by taking 52 foul shots and converting 42 of them against Colorado. David Greenwood, who scored 37 points and grabbed 21 rebounds during the two games, was at his best against the Broncos, sinking 11 of 16 shots, scoring 23 points and putting down 15 missed shots.

With Jeff Judkins playing at guard for the first time as a collegian, Utah rumbled past Loyola of Los Angeles 85-77 and Southern Cal 93-67. Judkins, after three years as a forward, quarterbacked the offense and at times moved inside as he made 17 of 26 shots, grabbed 22 rebounds and dished out eight assists in the two wins. Lending a hand was freshman Forward Danny Vranes, who came up with 23 points and 17 rebounds.

Arkansas won twice at Hawaii, 79-60 and 78-53, as Sidney Moncrief had 51 points, Ron Brewer 30 and Marvin Delph 35.

Washington State smothered Northern Arizona 85-61. Washington defeated Arizona State 68-62 and Seattle Pacific 78-70. Colorado was upset 75-56 by Air Force, and Division II powerhouse Puget Sound stunned Seattle U 68-64.

1. UCLLA (4-0)

2. UTAH (2-0) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (2-1)

EAST "It's cold and nasty up here, and the people have a funny accent," said 6'11" Ricky Gallon of Louisville before playing at Providence. Cold, too, were the Cardinals, who did not make any fast-break baskets and sank only 22 of 70 shots, while losing 57-51. Larry Williams missed all nine of his attempts. Derrell Griffith scored only 10 points, and Gallon had nine.

Spurring on the Friars were 6'9", 240-pound Bob (Big Beef) Misevicius and Guard Dwight Williams. Misevicius, who missed almost a month of preseason drills while trimming off 30 pounds and boning up on his studies, pumped in eight straight points during a 16-5 Providence spurt and finished with 16. Williams added 19 points as Coach Dave Gavitt pulled off an upset of a highly rated opponent for the ninth straight season.

Three days later, at Madison Square Garden, Williams and Misevicius again led Providence, as it won 60-58 over Seion Hall. Williams tied a school record by making six steals and again had 19 points. Misevicius scored only six, but tipped in the winning basket at the buzzer. Greg Tynes kept the Pirates in contention with 27 points.

Until the last 12 minutes of the title game at the Big Four tournament All-America

Guard Phil Ford looked like an Edsel. Although he had 23 points during a 79-66 first-round win over Duke, Ford missed 10 of 17 shots. After another slow start in the title game against North Carolina State, MVP Ford canned six field goals and 10 consecutive free throws as the Tar Heels overcame a 60-52 deficit and prevailed 87-82.

Wake Forest, which had swept the past three Big Four tournaments, came in last. A jumper at the buzzer by freshman Kenny Matthews enabled N.C. State to surprise the Deacons 79-77 in the opening round. Charles (Hawkeye) Whitney had 26 points for the winners, and Rod Griffin scored 32 for the losers. In the battle for third place, Duke fell 15 points behind before rallying for a 97-84 win over Wake Forest, despite Griffin's 31 points. Helping the Blue Devils to come out on top were 20 points and 11 rebounds by Mike Gminski, 19 points by freshman Eugene Banks and a team shooting percentage of .800 in the second half.

For the first time in a dozen years, Syracuse won an in-season tournament, taking the first Carrier Classic on its home court. The Orangemen, who tuned up for the event by drubbing Connecticut 104-61, knocked off LeMoyne 90-62 in the opening round. Mich-

continued

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

agan State advanced to the finals by polishing off Rhode Island 92-64 as Guard Bob Chapman made all 11 of his field-goal attempts and wound up with 30 points. Earvin Johnson, a 6' 8" freshman for the Spartans, was also dazzling as he played both guard and high post, often brought the ball downcourt, put in eight of 13 shots, scored 17 points, had 11 assists, made three steals and grabbed four rebounds. Johnson, the tournament's MVP, had 12 points, six rebounds and five assists against Syracuse in the final. That was not enough, as the Orange broke a 63-63 deadlock and won 75-67.

Maryland captured the first Tip Off tournament at the Capital Centre in Landover, Md. with the help of 6' 4", 200-pound sophomore Guard Billy Bryant, who has had to beg Coach Lefty Driesell to let him play. Bryant led the Terps with 14 points as they beat American U. 78-65 in a first-round game. In the final, Georgetown, which had disposed of Navy 71-56 the night before, trailed Maryland only 76-72 with 5:12 to play. That was when Bryant really proved he belonged in the lineup. In quick succession, he broke through to score on a pair of drives, deliv-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LARRY BIRD: During three Indiana State wins, including a 91-61 upset of Purdue, the 6' 9" junior forward poured in 82 points, pulled down 41 rebounds, had 19 assists, stole the ball six times and blocked three shots.

ered a perfect assist to Albert King and came out of a scramble with a loose ball as Maryland pulled ahead 86-79. Maryland went on to win 91-87, and Bryant, who had 26 points, was chosen the MVP. King, who took seven shots and had nine points in the opener, scored 22 in the championship game.

Another Terp guard, freshman Greg Manning, hit 10 of 12 shots as Maryland broke a 76-all tie and defeated Penn State 89-80. Also peppering the basket was Navy's Jack Stumborg, who made all seven of his second-half shots as the Muddies shocked Princeton 60-57. Princeton then had its 18-game home win streak ended by St. John's 43-40. George Johnson gave the Redmen a 41-40 lead with 1:02 left when he sank a 20-footer.

Ronnie Perry of Holy Cross scored 25 points during an 86-67 win over St. Anselm's and had 27 more as the Crusaders downed Dartmouth 93-79. Vermont, which stunned Ohio State 77-76, beat Dartmouth 67-52. It was against the Big Green that the Catamounts erased Duke's two-day-old NCAA record for field-goal accuracy. Vermont's 750 shooting topped the Blue Devils' record of 745.

1. HOLY CROSS (2-0)

2. NORTH CAROLINA (4-0) 3. SYRACUSE (4-1)



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Before Las Vegas, there was Chicago. It wasn't much on sunshine and show girls, but half a century ago you could get a bet down in Chi faster than Al Capone's thugs could say "stick 'em up." The high rollers played their hunches on horses at the Horseshoe Club, a hoity-toity gambling den where they broke out roulette wheels in the evening. Bookmakers served the masses in cigar stores, at newsstands and even, it is said, in a corner of the American National Bank Building. Sure, it was illegal. But the police didn't mind.

Chicago almost let this wonderful tradition fade away. In the 1940s the gaming houses were shuttered. Only the bookies maintained the old fervor, but time reduced their number, and too many of their children turned away from a life of odds.

So it was left to a controversial lawyer named Frank Oliver to devise a scheme that brought betting back to the streets. Two years ago, inspired by an idea that had been snuffed out by the law in New Orleans, Oliver and two partners set up shop alongside doctors and lawyers, just a block from the Federal Building. Oliver contended it wasn't illegal for one person to give another person money to take to the racetrack to bet for him. "It's the same as asking a

Running their own race

You can bet on it—those Chicago messengers who promise to take your wager to the track aren't athletes. Many are working an ingenious, lucrative bookie racket

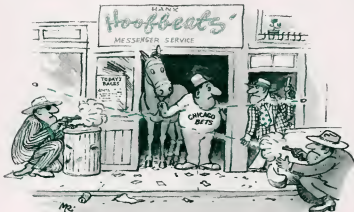
friend to buy a pair of galoshes for you," he says. So it was that the Pegasus Co., the first betting messenger service in Illinois, began.

Predictably enough, the tracks immediately cried foul. For one thing, it was quickly apparent that most of the services were booking the bets instead of taking them to the tracks. The legislature and courts soon were involved, but a bill outlawing the messenger services stalled in the legislature until last June when the threat of a horsemen's boycott forced passage of the measure. The messenger services successfully sued to remain open pending court tests on the constitutionality of the legislation. Although they now seem to be operating on borrowed time, in recent months they have spread the length and breadth of Illinois. And they are collecting something their bookmaking predecessors never got—a 10% carrying charge for each bet.

Pegasus didn't have much competition

until its second season. Then, with thoroughbreds running at Arlington Park, and harness races rolling at Sportsman's Park, the messenger services began springing up faster than gas stations. In 1976 the count in metropolitan Chicago reached as high as 350, and many quiet neighborhoods were scandalized to discover a betting parlor had opened next to a church or a school. Housewives wailed that the temptation was too great for their husbands and their children; however, the complaints from winners who weren't paid off were louder still. "They'd buy a ticket one day and go back the next to cash it," says William L. Mus-terson, secretary of the Illinois Racing Board. "They'd find the place closed up. Or there'd be somebody there saying they never heard of the old tenants." So far the biggest loser to the welshers is a woman who hit a \$20,000 trifecta at Sportsman's. "The messenger said his office had been burglarized and her ticket had been

continued



taken," Masterson says. "But Sportsman's said it had sold only four winning tickets and all had been cashed." The woman hired an attorney, who managed to get her a couple of thousand dollars of her winnings, and she was a star witness at a public hearing on the messengers. Other victims have attempted more direct confrontations. The police collared one man with a pistol sitting in front of a South Side betting parlor, waiting for it to open.

Violence, or the threat of it, is considered the norm around the messenger services. Racing Board and track officials claim some services are operated by the mob, but the best evidence they have is that a lot of the messengers' employees have police records. "It looked like we were going to get proof of organized crime's involvement when we started hearing about a lot of mom-and-pop operations being taken over," says Masterson. "Guys would come in and make an offer, and then six weeks later they'd come back and make an offer that couldn't be refused. But we never got a mom or pop to testify."

The big messenger services have been battling each other even more than the independent operators. A clerk at one parlor was shot to death, and two storefronts were fire-bombed. The body of a nickel-and-dime hoodlum was found stuffed in the trunk of a car parked in front of one office.

Nothing, however, has scared away the messenger services' business. "We guess they handle \$750,000 a day," says Billy Johnston Jr., president of the Chicago Downs Association, which runs both flat and harness races at local tracks. Pegasus, which had 18 outlets at its peak (it now has five), reportedly has handled as much as \$1.2 million a month.

From the beginning, the tracks claimed they weren't seeing much of the messengers' money. A popular theory is that the services allegedly run by the mob book 80% of their bets. About the only bets put through the track machines are on trifectas. Because of the large pay-offs, a trifecta race is the easiest for anybody booking bets to get burned on, so the services buy off the action.

Last month Masterson claimed a messenger service was involved in tranquilizing a pair of favorites entered in a trifecta event at Hawthorne. He will not elaborate on that allegation now. The race was canceled and the horses tested

positive. The stewards, however, missed another doped favorite a week later, realizing what had happened only after the horse ran out of the money.

The state and the tracks seem most concerned that the betting handles have dropped—and with that their and the horsemen's share of the profits. During the first 130 days of the current Chicago season, \$7.5 million less than last year was put through the pari-mutuel machines. Horsemen who lost \$825,000 in purses because of this are fleeing to financially greener pastures.

For their part, the tracks are using any handy statistic to gain sympathy, but they, too, are responsible for the slumping business. As Johnston says, "Even if there were no messenger services, we'd still be in bad shape."

Less than 20 years ago, Illinois was an important racing state and Arlington Park was its showcase. Horses from Calumet Farm and Greentree could always be found there, and anyone who wanted to crack Chicago's Social Register had a private box. The track was pushed to its eminence by its owner, a valuable reformed bookie named Ben Lindheimer. After he died in 1960 and his adopted daughter, Marjorie Everett, took over, Arlington began going to seed. With it went most every other Chicago track.

Blame it on scandal, blame it on sloth. You can't go wrong either way. For scandal, there was Everett becoming a dominant figure in the track stock fraud scheme that sent former Governor Otto Kerner to prison. For sloth, there was the racing surface at Arlington, which was allowed to turn soft and powdery and became a hazard to horses.

Since the Madison Square Garden Corporation took over Arlington in 1971, it has kept up appearances by running an occasional appealing stakes race. But increasingly meager purses the rest of the time have persuaded major stables to shake the money trees that grow on the racing-rich coasts. Those stables send their second-string horses to Illinois, win and then ship the animals home again. "Illinois," says one horse owner and trainer, "is like an island."

Governor James Thompson, who was the federal prosecutor who nailed Kerner, has allied himself with the horsemen. He supported the law banning the messenger services. In truth, after well-publicized rumors of lawmakers being

bribed with mob money to vote against the bill, the members of the legislature really had no choice but to pass it.

The Chicago police then began to snuff out "the bad bookies," focusing on the largest operations—Pegasus, Mr. Lucky and Finish Line Express. However, the state Appellate Court did the unexpected in July, granting a temporary injunction against the law, which allowed the services to expand at will.

"The decision made them more brazen than ever," Masterson says. They tagged signs in their windows toasting the decision. Shops were opened in virgin territory in the southern end of the state.

Johnston, whose Chicago Downs Association is presently operating a thoroughbred meeting at Sportsman's Park, may have come up with the best solution to the tracks' problems. Last month he attacked the services where they were hurting the tracks most—in the gimmick races. He decreed the daily double would no longer be the first two races of the day. The trifecta would no longer be the last race. Bettors would have to come to the track to find out which races were which. The information would be posted on closed-circuit TV an hour before post time. It would upset their betting habits, Johnston knew, but if gimmick races were announced at the last minute there would be less chance of drugging incidents. And if the services did not know which races to book as gimmicks, they would lose money.

"Our business has been cut to the bone—we're dying," a Pegasus official says, but the track people have trouble believing that Finish Line has been sending scouts to the tracks who phone their office with the information as soon as it is posted. Just to rub it in, Finish Line is offering re-creations of each race to those visiting its parlor. "These guys are smart," says Robert Hart Jr., Sportsman's mutuels director, pointing out that the track's handle is still 11% lower than last year's. "Maybe they're smarter than us."

That may be beside the point very quickly. The Appellate Court begins hearing arguments on its injunction on Dec. 22. Governor Thompson has appointed a committee to study legalized gambling, including off-track betting. Watching from a distance is Frank Oliver, who started it all. He resigned from Pegasus in August, he says, "because my conscience made me. I've always thought gambling was immoral."

END

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One giant step for L. A. while Oakland limps

The Rams clinched their division title with a 20-14 victory over the Raiders, who with a hobbled quarterback now face a struggle just to make the playoffs

Before his Oakland Raiders played the Los Angeles Rams last Sunday, Quarterback Ken Stabler tried to assess the importance of the matchup. "The Rams are the caliber of team we'll meet in the playoffs," Stabler said. "These final games can act as a catalyst to get you flying into the playoffs instead of limping. If you play well and beat a good team late in the season, that tells you something about your chances."

Well, what the game in the L.A. Coliseum told Stabler is that this year it is the Rams who will be flying into the playoffs, while the Raiders, particularly Stabler, will be limping—if indeed they even get there. Los Angeles clinched the AFC Western Division title by beating Oakland 20-14 on a 43-yard Pat Haden-to-Harold Jackson pass with 2:10 to play in the final quarter. By losing to the Rams, Oakland was eliminated from the AFC West title chase as Denver clinched first place with its 24-14 victory over Houston. Now the defending Super Bowl champions, who have won their divisional title nine of the last 10 years, must win their next two games to assure themselves of a place in the playoff madness. And with Stabler moving on a balky left knee, that will not be easy.

Los Angeles had ample opportunity to destroy the Raiders before the final moments. Stabler, almost immobilized by a stretched ligament, threw four interceptions, and Oakland fumbled the ball away on two other occasions. But the Rams kept inventing ways to allow the Raiders to stay alive. A second-quarter John Cappelletti fumble, for instance, gave Oakland field position at the L.A. 31 and led to a Pete Banaszak touchdown that tied the score 7-7 at the half. Rafael Septien booted the Rams to a 13-7 lead with a pair of field goals, but then, late in the fourth quarter, Oakland drove 87 yards and went ahead 14-13 on a 21-yard scoring pass from Stabler to Dave Casper.

However, Haden brought the Rams right back, moving them 40 yards to the Oakland 43 in five plays. Much of the day Jackson had been covered one-on-one by reserve Defensive Back Lester Hayes, who was forced into action by a heavy run of injuries to Raider regulars. "We called a play that we had used a number of times before, but we had never gone in Harold's direction," Haden

said. "Harold kept coming back and saying he was open, I didn't think so, but this time I saw him get behind his man. I just tried to throw the ball up and bring some rain, and Harold went up and caught it."

Technically, the Raiders can afford the loss to L.A. because the Rams are not in their conference. Oakland has lost only twice in the AFC, while its rivals for the AFC wild-card spot have at least three conference losses. If the Raiders win their

last two games—at home against Minnesota and Kansas City—they will qualify for the wild card regardless of what the other AFC teams do.

But the Raiders have critical problems. Their defensive backfield is crippled. Of greater concern, though, is Stabler's knee. His lack of mobility has noticeably affected Oakland's usually explosive passing game and made him an inviting target for rushers. In addition to his four interceptions, Stabler was sacked four

continued



Frisky Pat Haden rescued the Rams with a late 43 yard touchdown pass to speedy Harold Jackson

times, and he was forced to throw in a hurry so often that he completed just 16 of his 38 passes.

Stabler suffered his injury three weeks ago in the first quarter of Oakland's 12-7 loss at San Diego. He sat out the rest of that game and watched his replacement, Mike Rae, complete just one of six passes for 16 yards. Stabler's left knee has already undergone two operations for torn cartilage. Without rest, the knee is unlikely to improve over the remainder of the season. Stabler admits that he couldn't play if he performed at a position other than quarterback.

"Someone who has to cut sharply couldn't play on this knee," he says. "I just have to drop back 10 yards. Even then, the injury disturbs my concentration because it hurts so much. It's something you can't forget, like a headache. My knee has taken all the enjoyment out of playing. It's no fun anymore."

The L.A. win, along with Atlanta's 16-10 loss to New England, gave the Rams their fifth divisional championship in Chuck Knox's five years as coach. Yet Knox is about as appreciated around Hollywood as a goal-line fumble. Ram fans, led by team owner Carroll Rosenbloom, complain that Knox' brand of football isn't entertaining. Perhaps they would

prefer the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. Entertainment is a big concern with Rosenbloom, who is a sizeable stockholder in Warner Communications, the parent company for Warner Bros. movies. C.R., as he is called, and his general manager, Don Klosterman, come to Ram practices in a helicopter and watch from the sidelines in directors' chairs with their names on the back.

The fact is that the Ram players are not very exciting. Efficient, but not exciting. Or, as they would say of Knox in Hollywood, the fault lies not in himself but in his stars. Not one of Knox' quarterbacks in his first four years—John Hadl, James Harris, Ron Jaworski or Haden—has been what you might call flashy. There was hope this year that Joe Namath would glitter in the Beverly Hills, but he bombed on the playing field. It was like trying to stuff Elizabeth Taylor back into a bikini.

Knox is said to be too conservative, that he runs the ball too much. Maybe so, but he doesn't run it as much as Oakland does—and no one calls the Raiders boring. Nor did anyone call Buffalo dull when O. J. Simpson carried on almost every play. At running back Knox has Lawrence McCutcheon, a model of efficiency, if not flash. In four of Knox' five years McCutcheon has rushed for more than 1,000 yards. He passed that again Sunday, picking up 97 to raise his season total to 1,961. In all that time, though, McCutcheon has never gained more than 45 on a single play.

To make matters worse for Knox, his accomplishments are belittled by the claims of his coaching peers and his owner that the Rams have pro football's best personnel, a highly questionable assertion. The coach's plight is so absurd that last week *Los Angeles Times* columnist Jim Murray was moved to write, "What Chuck Knox should do . . . is move the act where he'd be appreciated."

Knox' position wasn't made any more bearable when the Rams got off to a miserable start this season, losing five of six exhibitions and two of their first four regular-season games. It was after that fourth game, a Monday night 24-23 loss to Chicago, that Haden replaced Namath as the starting quarterback, and much of the credit for the team's subsequent 7-1 record has been heaped on the former USC star. Not only has Haden brought the Rams much-needed mobility at the position, but he has exhibited some stel-

lar play-calling and a throwing arm far stronger than the Rams expected. Haden is now the NFL's top-ranked passer.

Last season at this time Haden replaced James Harris as the starter, but there seemed to be no logical reason for the move. "I felt very uncomfortable when I played," Haden says. "The other players may not have held anything against me personally, but a lot of them probably felt that another quarterback should have been there." That has not been a problem this year. Haden has clearly earned the job that Knox or C.R. awarded to Namath in September. "I was disappointed then," Haden admits. "Not getting the call was a real letdown."

When the call finally came, Haden made the most of it. Last week Ram Guard Tom Mack said at a broadcasters' luncheon, "We really have a great quarterback in Pat Haden. He's better than a lot of people realized, including some of his own teammates."

Haden feels that one reason for his improvement is the off-season weight-lifting program that helped him gain some 10 pounds—to 182—and also considerably strengthened his throwing arm. "I'm throwing with a whole lot more velocity," he says. "My passes are crisper. The ball gets there quicker. I have a lot more confidence." On Sunday he completed 13 of his 22 passes for 186 yards and, of course, the game-winning touchdown pass to Jackson. He was never intercepted.

What has particularly impressed Haden's teammates is his play-calling. Knox relinquished that duty this year in an effort to enhance the leadership potential of the quarterback position. Haden—who will complete his Rhodes scholarship studies in June with a degree in economics, philosophy and politics—admits he gets more joy from methodically picking a defense apart than he does from scoring with a single bomb. Knox, in fact, recently had to lecture Haden about not throwing enough in L.A.'s 24-6 win over Green Bay. But the quarterback drew raves and increased respect from his teammates for the style and substance of his 12-play, 86-yard touchdown drive against Cleveland that had the Browns continually off balance. "I think fans can enjoy a time-consuming drive," says Haden. "Even Cleveland fans had to appreciate the art of that drive."

If Haden takes Los Angeles to the Super Bowl, even Ram fans may learn to appreciate the art of his drives.



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Mitey band of Warriors

Dwarfed by USF, little Hartwick took the NCAA title from the defending champs

Two days before the 19th annual NCAA soccer championships at Berkeley last week, somebody broke into the office of tournament director Bob DiGrazia, who is also the Cal soccer coach, and stole the championship plaque. The campus police, who reportedly have Ph.D.s in criminal psychology, wheeled up in their black-and-whites, sleuthed around a while, came upon a suspicious-looking trail of excelsior (in which the trophy had been packed) and eventually found the purloined plaque under a bush. DiGrazia was mightily relieved. He had been thinking that he might have to prevent the soccer winner with the NCAA water-polo trophy, which California had recently won and which,

DiGrazia said, "looks about the same."

That possible embarrassment averted, the four teams that had come to Berkeley to settle the championship got down to business. Brown and Hartwick (of Oneonta, N.Y.), were on hand from the New England and New York regions, respectively; Southern Illinois-Edwardsville had pulled in from the Midwest, and the University of San Francisco, winner the previous two years and trying for an unprecedented third straight, had merely zipped across the Bay bridge to represent the Far West. Over Saturday and Sunday, these four displayed some of the best college soccer ever played, on a level that would have been impossible five years ago. Whether the "soccer boom" has trickled down or seeped up, it has evidently reached the colleges.

The two Eastern entrants had at each other in the first of Saturday's semifinals. Hartwick, ranked No. 2 in the nation with an 11-0-2 regular-season record, had finished third in the NCAA's last year, remarkable enough for a school with only 1,600 students. The Warriors have long been recognized as a hatchery for soccer talent, and now, as Coach Jim Lennox said, "It's our turn." Brown, with hopes of being the first Ivy League team ever to win the national crown, had scratched through the regular season at

7-4-2 and gained its ticket to Berkeley on the strength of an astonishing 2-1 upset of No. 1-ranked Clemson in a bitter, bloody and wild quarterfinal playoff battle the week before. The Cinderella Bruins turned out to be no match for the Warriors.

Hartwick is physically small—Captain and Muffielder Bill Garzonas, for instance, is just 5' 5", 133 pounds—but the team is so well disciplined and balanced, so perfectly competent in ball-handling skills and so precise that it resembles an NASL team. It is a pleasure to watch athletes like Hartwick's midfield playmaker, John Young, fake his way through a trail of challengers with Pelé-like moves, or watch the pinpoint passing of Winger Tom Maresca.

The Bruins, however, drew first blood, scoring just 3½ minutes into the first period. Hartwick evened it up three minutes later when Young threaded through traffic to boom one in from 23 yards, and by halftime Hartwick owned the field. Perhaps Brown's suffering during the long afternoon was best glimpsed in the second half, when a crossing shot from Hartwick's Steve Long struck Brown Fullback Pat Weir on the foot and was deflected into the Brown goal. Weir fell to the grass, burying his head in the turf. When it was all over, Hartwick's bantam precisionists had won, 4-1.

As the temperature in Memorial Stadium climbed into the comfortable 60s, SIU and the USF Dons met to argue their side of the question. USF is essentially a two-section team. The defense consists of an Englishman plus three Norwegian imports who operate as a disciplined unit—huge, like Scandinavian pines in their green uniforms, the stoic stuff of team play. For scoring, the Dons have All-America "Amazing Andy" Atuegbu, a Nigerian who, along with fellow countrymen Tony Igwe and Alex Nwosu, roams the midfield and the forward areas waiting to explode in exotic and individualistic playmaking and scoring chances. Atuegbu's shot, which in an empty stadium sounds like a thunderclap, is the hardest in the NCAA, and the backbone of the Dons' attacking game.

The Dons finished the regular season ranked No. 5 at 22-3-1, having played as many games as most colleges manage in two seasons. Coach Steve Negroesco thinks that's fine. "What I've done is good for us and the NCAA," he says. "I've given the boys a chance to travel exten-

continued



Captain of the Warriors, Bill Garzonas fit his coach's description: "We're small, they're huge."

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sively, to play instead of scrimmage. I've been criticized for overextending the kids, but that's baloney. So we play twice as many games as Brown. So what?" SIU's Cougars, 9-3-1 and unranked, got to Berkeley by outlasting Indiana and Cleveland State in the early playoff rounds, the two games involving a total of seven sudden-death overtime periods. Such luck would not work for the Cougars in Berkeley.

Less than halfway through the first period, although preyed by SIU's midfielders, Igwe took a throw up and dazzled the Cougars with a footwork display before putting a left-foot shot low into the right corner from 16 yards away, catching SIU Goalie Bob Robson out of position.

With about 18 minutes remaining in the game, SIU tied the score against the tiring Dons. Perhaps its heavy schedule had worn USF down, or perhaps it was the Cougars' tactic of making the Dons run to retrieve deep sideline passes. But in the ensuing sudden-death, 15-minute

tie breaker, Forward Dag Olavsen, on a pass from Atuegbu, drove home the winner from eight yards out, and the Dons were in the finals with a 2-1 victory.

In the Sunday showdown, 16,500 fans—a record NCAA crowd—saw another superb soccer game, with Hartwick's nervous-looking goalie, Aly Anderson, rising again and again in the first half to repel USF's Nigerian specialists. But neither could the Warriors penetrate the Dons' solid defense.

At halftime, drinking coffee in the press box, Dallas Tornado Coach Al Miller, who had been Hartwick's coach from 1967 to 1972, shook his head over the scoreless contest. "This is the best defensive game I've seen in a long time," he said. "It will be lost by the side that makes the first mistake."

Just 2:40 into the second half, USF made that mistake and Hartwick was ahead for good. Taking a free kick placed deep and in the right of the USF goal, Duncan MacDonald, Hartwick's British-born winger, sent a high spinning kick

across the goal mouth. Hartwick Midfielder Art Napolitano, all 5' 10" of him, leaped into the air against Midfielder John Brooks and lashed a head shot toward the goal. In the follow-through the two cracked skulls and both went down in a heap, holding their heads as the ball rocketed high past San Francisco Goalie Peter Arnautoff.

The Warriors put in another goal 17 minutes later, and it took USF until the final four minutes of the game to score. And the Dons could not get a second. So frustrated was Olavsen that he picked up the ball with his hands in one goal-mouth melee and tried to throw it in.

When Boh DeGrazia presented the purloined trophy, the Warriors finally showed some signs of smugness. Said a blase Napolitano, "It wasn't even our best game. We were lousy in the first half." In the locker room, Hartwick players opened their champagne and one of them made a gesture to pour it over Lennon's head. "Don't do that," he said. "It's a waste. Let's drink it." **END**

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Big men the Knicks got, but a team they ain't

Beloved New York superhero Willis Reed was lured out of retirement by the idea that he could inspire his old club to play the way he did. It has not been easy

As if we haven't had it up to here with team disunity in this still young NBA season—what with Dave Cowens threatening to eat the next Celtic who refuses to dive for a loose ball, and Coach Gene Shue and Bob Hopkins getting the boot in Philadelphia and Seattle—now we are hearing cries of agony and shrieks of insanity from—where else?—New York City.

Last week the Knickerbockers were picking up the act, perusing their potential for unmatched torrents of offense and junior high school defense into the latest hot property for a Mel Brooks comedy. They opened the week with an 18-point home win over Houston, lost by 17 to the same team in Texas the next night, followed that with a 120-116 loss at San Antonio and then returned to the supposedly friendly confines of Madison Square Garden on Saturday to put on a show of total ineptitude, losing 115-108 to the baby Milwaukee Bucks. By the end of the week the Knicks were 11-11, feuding and fusing, and their new coach, the 35-year-old former Knick superhero Willis Reed, was totally frustrated. As to where the Knicks were headed, Forward Spencer Haywood said, "You'll be coming to visit us all in Bellevue if this stuff continues."

That "this stuff" probably will continue should not be surprising to anyone who has followed the Knicks through the past two seasons of discontent. The team really has been preparing for its current dismal act ever since the end of the 1974 season, when Reed, Dave DeBusschere and Jerry Lucas retired, leaving New York titillated by two NBA championships in four years and hungry for more.

No one is hungrier than Gulf & West-

ern Industries, Inc., which owns the Knicks and Madison Square Garden and wants every one of the 19,694 seats filled on every one of the season's 41 home dates and again in the playoffs. Especially the playoffs, which make the difference between a profitable year and a fabulously one. And when Gulf & Western wants something, G&W buys it. G&W means No Nonsense (which happens to be a brand of panty hose G&W owns) and you can roll that up, NBA, and smoke it (G&W also owns the Consolidated Cigar Corp., Paramount Pictures Corp. and several zillion dollars worth of other properties).

So what did G&W do for the Knicks? Easy. Made 'em what they are today, which is a team thrown together out of panic, without regard for the basketball virtues.

Consider the Knicks' offensive potential. It is downright awesome. No other team has five starters whose best-season records can match the aggregate of the Knicks. Earl Monroe, the herky-jerky, ever-so-clunky guard, averaged 25.8 when he starred for Baltimore in 1968-69. Bob McAdoo, three times the NBA scoring leader in his five previous seasons, hit a high of 34.5 in 1974-75 with Buffalo. Haywood, once Seattle's only star, was an All-Star scoring 29.2 in 1972-73. Lonnie Shelton, the blazing-quick second-year man, is currently scoring 14.0, and even Jim Cleamons, the gritty playmaker and defensive guard, averaged 12.2 in 1975-76 with Cleveland. Throw in reserves Jim McMillan (18.9), Butch Beard (15.4) and Phil Jackson (11.1) and an extraordinary trio of rookies—Guard Ray Williams and Forwards Glen Gondrezick and Toby Knight—and you have the kind

continued



In the heat of a losing game, Reed glowers on the sidelines. Haywood rides the bench and McAdoo does what he does best—go for the ball



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of team that looked so promising when it swamped Washington the second night of the season 141-115.

But, alas, today's Knick team is a two-headed monster. On one hand, you have Haywood and McAdoo, two players who through all of their pro lives have had to do little more than shoot and block shots, and who more truly represent G&W's desperate desire to keep the Garden's seats filled than any sort of patent and intelligent formula for developing a championship team. After watching these two try to play together last season, it did not take long for Red Holzman, one of the game's great coaches, to decide to take up his pipe and slippers and retire to his wife's cooking.

On the other hand, here is Reed, drawn out of a peaceful three years' retirement of hunting and fishing, because he was led to believe that he could mold the team to fit his own concepts. Reed could do only so much. He secured the colleges for players to fill specific needs on the club and came up with an excellent draft. Williams has started eight games and made Walt Frazier expendable. Knight and Gondekzack have each had game-winning performances. But Gulf & Western is on Reed's back, and the coach is forced to try to make it both ways: win now, and develop for the future.

"Sure," says Reed, twirling strands of once jet-black hair now showing gray at the ends, "this is a lot different from the days when the Knickerbockers were a good team." Reed always says "Knickerbockers." Never "Knicks." "We just have to have patience. Bobby McAdoo has changed his game. Some nights he does everything we ask of him. But he is not a big center. I'm not sure people don't think that he is. They see he is 6'10", a big scorer and rebounder. But, no, he is no center."

But he is the Knicks' best scorer, so it is Haywood who has been given the task of adjusting his game toward defense and rebounding. In the road loss at Houston last week, Haywood constantly looked over his shoulder, sensing that his every mistake—and there were many that night—was being dissected on the spot by Reed. Having missed 51 games with leg injuries last season, Haywood came to training camp convinced that he would be the power forward, the perfect team player of his dreams. He worked out all during the

summer, and posted a list of "17 rules" over his locker in the Garden, beginning with the simplest of fundamentals: box out, rebound, play pressure defense, make the transitions, etc., etc. and ending with CONCENTRATE, CONCENTRATE.

Arriving in San Antonio after the breakdown in Houston, Reed gathered the team immediately for a 3½-hour practice. He spent a full hour talking about things like boxing out, playing pressure defense, making the transition from offense to defense and back to offense. He was obviously singling out certain offenders, something that Red Holzman rarely did. One was Haywood.

Haywood spoke up. "Now, Willis, H, man, specifically now. What is it that you want us to do?"

Reed sensed a breakthrough. "O.K., Spence. Box out. Go to the boards. Play pressure defense. Make the transition."

"But, Willis," said Haywood. "I mean specifically."

Later Haywood said, "Sometimes I think we get carried away with this 'box out' stuff." McAdoo said, "Sometimes, I think Willis wants us to play like robots."

That night Reed pitched camp in the hotel bar, talking basketball, searching for answers with anyone who sat down, including, through six hours, two groups of reporters, his closest friend, broadcaster Cal Ramsey, Assistant Coach Dick McGuire and Forward Phil Jackson, the lone remaining Knick from what Jackson wistfully calls "the old days," when the Knicks won their first championship.

Some of the optimists encouraged Reed, telling him that with the talent the Knicks have the big men will learn to do what he wants them to do. Reed was beginning to wonder. "I don't care what anybody says," he said. "No team can win in the NBA today without a big center. Now you add a guy like Bill Walton and you have a different club right off the bat. Man, now he comes to play, and he enjoys every minute of it. What I have are quarterbacks trying to run a thoroughbred's pace."

"The hardest thing for Willis," says Jackson, "is that all he can do now is verbalize. He used to lead by example, he would go out there and give 100% and that would be enough. He is still giving his 100%, but it's verbal and it's not getting through and it is eating him up."

Around 11 o'clock, Williams and Knight breezed through the bar and

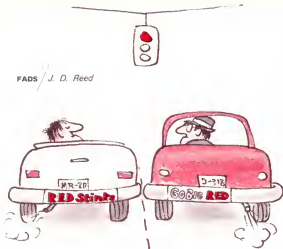
whisked Reed off to a Mexican restaurant. Reed is close to his rookies. They are, in a very real way, his children, the keys to Reed's and the Knicks' future. Over dinner, the coach continued to talk basketball until he nodded off midway through a plate of frijoles.

The next night the Knicks fumbled and fouled away a 120-116 game to the Spurs, making two unforgivable mistakes in the last two minutes. With the team down by four, McAdoo, who was double-teamed, took a low-percentage 25-foot jumper that missed and then failed to go after a loose ball that rolled by his feet.

The flight back to New York was a trip in every sense of the word. Reed pored through basketball literature, Monroe perused the script of a movie entitled *The Fuzz and the Fence* in which he had been offered a role. "Got to find me a new line of work," he said. "I figure I'm only good in the game for seven more years. Quit when I'm 40. I think I like *The Fence*." Hurling around the plane, changing seats every 10 minutes or so and making barnyard noises was Williams, who is called by his teammates "Crazy Eddie" after the "in-sane" stereo dealer who pitches on New York television. Williams was calm that night compared to his performance on the earlier flight to Houston, which had been a turbulent one, with lightning flashing all around the jet. And there was Haywood, wired into his cassette machine, listening to John Coltrane jazz, passing notes to his teammates written on cocktail napkins, saying that he would not talk to anyone for the rest of December.

After the loss to Milwaukee back at the Garden, in which the Knicks had 40 turnovers and reached their season's nadir, going down by 17 points in the third quarter and hearing boos all night, Monroe allowed that everything was really fouled up. Haywood, reacting to a reporter who was studying his "17 rules" and obviously having changed his mind about talking, said with a laugh, "That stuff doesn't mean anything anymore."

Frustration showed all over Reed's face as he told a questioner, "Hey, what goes on inside my team is off limits." He later huddled behind closed doors with Knicks President Michael Burke, Gulf & Western's man at the Garden. You could almost feel the heat. Reed wants his center. Gulf & Western wants its winner. Even if it has to buy up the entire NBA to get it.



Bumper crop of slogans

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THIS IS A BUMPER STICKER proclaims a bumper sticker seen through freeway traffic. This message is as much in self-defense as it is wit. Since the rise of the automobile in the early part of the century, we have been inundated with bumper stickers. From the early cardboard signs wired to Reos and Cords—like SEE NIAGARA FALLS and VISIT CABLED CAVENS—to the current crop of spicier phrases, the bumper sticker has become a form of rolling graffiti, an American folk art, and a brand of mobile advertising that declares our preferences for sports teams, religions, dating games and political persuasions.

In sports, the changes in stickers can provide a mini-history of a team's fortunes. Over the past two decades, Green Bay has seen slogans go from HERE COMES THE PACK TO THE PACK'S BACK, to the latest, PLEASE, PACK, COME TO BACK.

So it is with some alarm that we hear of the probable passing of the bumper sticker, and that it will not cometh back. Aaron Cushman, head of the Chicago White Sox' public relations firm, laments, "The cars being built today don't have the right kind of bumpers. You can't attach anything to that narrow rubber strip around the bumper, and if you put the sticker above or below it, you can't read the damn thing." So the bumper sticker, too, may well become another victim of progress. But while the new bumpers may be designed to save big money in fender-bender accidents, we would hate to think that never again would this nation be enlightened by such witticisms as the Montana sheepman's invention, 10,000 CRYOTES CAN'T BE WRONG—EAT MUTTON.

Happily, enough cars remain with sticker-sized bumpers to ensure survival for a while, at least, and sports fans seem to own a fair share of them.

In sports, there are two classes of stickers. Professional and college teams have long used the signs as a form of advertising with simple, often dull, slogans. But beginning in the '60s, the bumper sticker came to personalize autos with a variety of sporting messages, from the time-honored THINK SNOW—a prayer by Eastern skiers—to SPEIT UP THE FAMILY—TRY GYMNASTICS.

The pros and the colleges are trying for "recognition penetration" (a corporate phrase for advertising clout). Usually

a team will merely display its logo and a simple phrase like GO RO SOX. Literally millions of these and others like them appeared on cars in every major sports market across the country. But fans got bored with such banality, and sometimes they take matters into their own hands. When Terrible Ted Turner breezed around Newport during the America's Cup races, his Atlanta Braves were becalmed at the turnstiles while the team sticker read THE BRAVES MEAN BUSINESS. Around Atlanta now, an answering sticker proclaims, THE BRAVES NEED BUSINESS. One of the better sports stickers can be credited to Boston Bruins fans. During the years when Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito were rewriting NHL record books, the most visible sticker in Boston read JENUS SAVES—AND ESPOSITO SCORES ON THE REBOUND.

In colleges, where advertising budgets are more modest, stickers serve as a cheap means of identification. "We've got probably the largest bumper-sticker program in the country," says the University of Maryland's athletic promotion director, Russ Potts. "We've put more than 150,000 GO TERPS GO stickers on cars in the Baltimore-D.C. area. That gives us more penetration in terms of volume than any pro team in the country. The competition here is fierce for leisure time, and we do well. We never change our sticker. We don't identify the year or single out the sport. That keeps the cost down." It also makes for a boring time driving around Baltimore.

The University of Indiana, however, prints up a different sticker for each of its Big Ten football games, and fans of the University of Nebraska, who could no longer take the school's stale GO BIG RED, have pepped up the interstates with such spinoffs as GO BIG RED NECK and PROCEED, LARGE CRIMSON.

Of the pro sports, soccer has provided some of the more recent best-sellers, from Tampa Bay's SOCCER IS A KICK IN THE GRASS TO L.A.'S YOU BET YOUR SWEET AZTEC.

But it was participation sports and pastimes that led the way in both humor and unprintable bumper stickers. The sticker with the greatest circulation probably is VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS, with more than a million distributed free by that state's tourist bureau. In personal recreation, the I'D RATHER BE SAILING (golfing, swimming, diving, water-skiing, etc.) is still seen around the country.

continued

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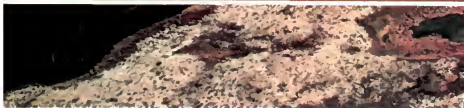


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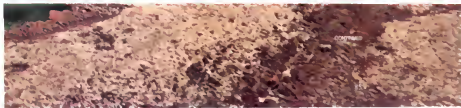




PLENTY

From the air, Alaska's pond-pocked Tl̥chik Lakes country appears sterile and forbidding, but it teems with Arctic char, grayling and rainbows as well as great flocks of waterfowl!

BY ROBERT F. JONES



ALASKA

continued

class grayling are so abundant that serious trout fishermen, after catching 30 grayling before a single trout has taken the fly, consider the "salfish of the north" a damned nuisance almost as bad as the ubiquitous 12-pound northern pike of the slower flowages. Sea-run Arctic char, lake trout, Dolly Varden and even that jut-jawed remote cousin of the salmonids, the shee-fish (or moonfish), can be reached handily by Tikhik-based float planes. And during the summer and early fall five varieties of Pacific salmon—chum, pink, sockeye, coho and king—run up the fast, icy rivers from the nearby Bering Sea to spawn.

Martin, our pilot on this initial recon-

naissance of the region, is the owner and operator of the Royal Couchman Lodge, one of only three fishing camps in the Tikhik country. In order to protect the angling resource from the overfishing that has spoiled such former hot spots as Canada's Great Slave and Great Bear lakes, the lodge owners permit their clients—at most 300 in a season—to kill only one "trophy" fish apiece. "In the short summers at this latitude," says Martin, "it takes a rainbow seven to 10 years to hit 10 pounds. After that the growth rate is even slower. With unlimited killing you could clean out this country in a decade, maybe less. Even with the Alaska limit of five rainbows a day, it wouldn't

The Billion Hole Golf Course," said Bill Martin. He dipped a wing of the Cessna 185 Skywagon to afford a better view of the rolling landscape below. "See that dogleg to the right down there? That's the 9th hole fairway. It's a four-mile shot from the tee."

The country sprawling 2,000 feet beneath the plane did indeed resemble a non-stop golf course. Long, crooked swatches of open ground snaked green and tan and lavender through the dark spruce forest. Ponds and meandering streams dotted or slashed the countryside, some of them as artfully placed, it seemed, as any Robert Trent Jones water hazard. There was, however, not a clubhouse in sight, nor yet a single duffer to be seen. These fairways were actually avenues of soggy, man-swallowing tundra, alive with mosquitoes and nose-ums thick enough to suffocate a caribou, the water hazards icy glacial moraine holes and their connectors. The only regulars on the Billion Hole Golf Course were moose, caribou, brown bears, barren-ground wolves and crafty carcajous. The only eagles were of the bald and golden varieties. Ah, but the fishing!

If ever there was a land built solely for the delectation of the fly-fisherman, it is this Tikhik Lakes country of south-western Alaska, 325 miles southwest of Anchorage. Rainbow trout of 10 pounds are considered barely keepers. Record-

A sea-run Arctic char on nearly every cast rewarded late afternoon anglers on the Topik River.



take long." The lodge owners allow the client to decide for himself what's a "trophy" and what isn't. "After all, it's a relative judgment," says Martin. He is heartened to see that many of his guests release all their fish, regardless of size.

"A good fly-fisherman can catch 350 to 400 fish a week here, rainbow and grayling," says Martin. "More if he knows how and when to use the dry fly. Well, talk is cheap. Let's go on down and you can see for yourselves."

The Royal Coachman Lodge squats snug and homely on a point of raw land just below the outlet of Tikhik Lake. A brawling rapids pours down and hangs a hard night to become the Nuyakuk River outside the front door. Within minutes of our arrival, Charlie Cook, a 61-year-old house-plant wholesaler from Dallas, was hanging grayling of a pound or better on an artfully cast black gnat Doug Reid, 36, a Datsun dealer from San Diego, who never fly-fished before, picked up a rainbow on his first throw. The fish, short but chunky, and bright as all the rainbows in this drainage—at this time of year at least—leaped and somersaulted like an ice-water Comanche. Reid, a saltwater, big-game angler up to now, watched with bulging eyes. "This is better than marlin," he said.

From across the Nuyakuk, toward sunset, came two guests who had arrived earlier. Lewis Little, 46, is a cattleman from Austin, Texas. His partner, Charles Le-Nour, 39, used to be in the oil pipeline business but is now a gentleman of leisure. Both looked bone-weary and preoccupied.

"How'd you do?" asked Martin.

Little shook his head ruefully. "A couple of about six pounds," he said. "The big ones aren't up there." He gestured toward the top of the rapids. "They were there a few days ago, but now they're gone."

"How many grayling did you catch?"

Little made a wry face. "Dunno. Maybe a hundred?"

All of this just outside the front door.

By now the evening cold was coming on. A west wind spit snow, and the lodge, with its peeling yellow logs and a plume of woodsmoke lying out flat against the

black of the woods, looked warm and welcoming. In Alaska, one soon learns, the difference between indoors and outdoors is of quantum magnitude. In the Lower Forty-Eight, or Outside, as Alaskans call the rest of the U.S., an outdoorsman is frequently reluctant to see the last light fade. But up here, after a day of wading through ice water, filling a boat or two, staggering through knee-deep muskies, repelling rain or squinting through snow squalls, one finds the indoors inevitably welcome, regardless of natural beauty or the fecundity of fish. Many Alaskans build their houses without windows, not just to conserve heat but because they see enough of the raw wilderness during the workday.

Mary Martin, Bill's wife, greeted the guests with drinks and good cheer. A former stewardess for Alaska Airlines, svelte, black-haired and ruddy-cheeked, she is a model of self-sufficiency in the true tradition of frontier wives. Not only does she bake bread and cook marvelously (her wild duck dishes are particularly memorable), but she is also an excellent angler and a fine shot, both with rifle and rifle. She can sweat a copper plumbing joint, fell a tree, butcher a moose or stitch up an ax gash with the best of them. She once shot a prowling bear that had laid siege to the lodge. She is also rearing two attractive children—Robert, 3½, and Ann Renae, four months old. Young Robert is already a practicing fly-fisherman and hunter.

The morning broke clear and windy. Yesterday's spit of snow at this elevation had dropped a white parka over the high mountains to westward, and the thermometer outside the window read 28° F. This in late September. The black 55-gallon fuel drum that serves as the lodge's sole source of heat had plenty of company as it warmed up.

After breakfast, Martin took the three Texans by plane up to the Agulapuk, a nearby stream abounding in rainbows. The rest of the party piled into a johnboat and headed down the Nuyakuk with shotguns and fly rods for a day of catch-as-catch-can. Our guide was Rusty Beall, a mustachioed, 22-year-old Oregonian from Martin's hometown of Dallas. A



As a bog-trotter, Don Salovei got bogged down

short distance downstream he ran the boat up on a gravel bar and gestured to either side. "Rainbows and grayling," he said.

"Anywhere in particular?"

"Everywhere."

Wading out along the bar to about mid-thigh depth, leaning into the strong current, I worked about 30 feet of floating line out through the guides and dropped a No. 12 mosquito pattern at the head of a riffle. At the end of the float, just as I was about to pick up the cast, a grayling arched into the air and dived on the fly like a Stuka. I popped the barbless hook into him—Martin suggests pinching down the barbs on all flies to minimize injury; most of the fish are released, anyway—and checked him with a forefinger as he ran fast out into the main current. He got up once, ran again, downstream, then turned and ran up between my boots. He looked to go about 1½ pounds. I held him up against the light and raised the dorsal. Opalescent and spotted in pale, macerous ovals, the dorsal started low and then swept up to a high, trailing roach—the signature of a male (female grayling have smaller dorsal fins that start high and tail out low).

continued

ALASKA

continued

The back was dark, a greenish black, and I could see how the fish, with its dragless, torpedo-shaped body, could hold so still to the bottom that it would be invisible to the angler's eye in all but the most favorable light. A man could fish with a thousand grayling just 10 yards from him and not see a one, until it dive-bombed his fly. It's that element of surprise, rather than any exuberant acrobatics after the hookup, that makes the grayling such a delight on the fly rod.

In the next half hour, we hooked and released about 50. Some, to be sure, were "long-line releases," when the fish threw the barbless hooks, but all of the strikes were the same: the downstream dive on the fly at the very end of the float.

Grayling existed in great numbers in the Lower Forty-Eight as recently as the early 1900s, particularly in Michigan's Lower Peninsula where market fishermen serving Chicago and Detroit had a field day on such streams as the Au Sable and the Manistee. But heavy logging combined with the big kills to wipe the fish out. Today, apart from small populations in the northern Rockies, the Arctic grayling (*Thymallus arcticus*) is found only in Canada and Alaska. Its European cousin, *Thymallus thymallus*, is still abundant, though. In France they have

a beautiful name for the fish, *Fombré*, which means the Shadow. Appropriate.

Farther downstream, under banks gone skeletal with spruce snags, Beall suddenly cut the motor. He pointed to the left. A large, dark bird moved slowly out over the water, pursued by two ravens. "There's a family of bald eagles nesting here," the guide said. "That's the baby."

Some baby. The bird's wingspan was a good five feet, and its talons, catching the low morning light, glistened like a Gurkha's kukri. But the adolescent eagle didn't know how to use its weaponry quite yet. It flew clumsily, screaming painful squawks for its mommy as the two adult ravens stabbed their long black beaks at its head. Then, with an audible whir of pinions, mommy arrived. With two quick passes she sent the ravens flapping back over the water. The eagles settled on snags across the river, with the mother ostensibly reading the raven not act to the youngster.

From a slough beyond the eagles' nest we jumped a small flock of bluebills. The shotguns sounded and three ducks fell while the remainder whirled back upstream. Ahead, with the motor stopped for the shooting, we heard the low mutter of white water. "The falls of the Nu-

yakuk," said Beall. "There's a portage that the Eskimos cut just above them. We'll put in there and hike over to the tail of the white water. There's rainbows galore."

A party of river Eskimos had preceded us downstream that morning. They had been gillnetting up in the Tikhik Lakes, and we found them camped at the far side of the portage, cooking whitefish for lunch. Small, almost delicately boned men with wide flat faces, they offered us a taste of the broiled fish. The leader of the party was a wizened man who said he was 81 years old. In their heavy wooden boats lay 500-odd pounds of fish: lake trout, northern pike, lake char, whitefish and grayling. Rifles and shotguns were in the scuppers, rusty and weather-worn.

The falls poured down through two channels, doglegging to the left over smooth-pocketed boulders that shone bone white in the sun. We fished the back eddies but poked up only grayling. Don Sullivan, a partner of Red's from San Diego, put together a spinning outfit and cast a Mepps out beyond the reach of the fly rods. That's where the rainbows were. He fought a fish of about six pounds right up to his boots, only to lose it at the last moment, then picked up a smaller trout on the next cast. We fished for an hour and then headed back upriver, hoping to jump some more ducks.

"There's teal back in the slough," said Beall as we idled up the right bank. "Green wings. Let's put in on the point and walk around. Maybe we can puddle-jump 'em."

It was hard going through the mud. Halfway around the point of land that separated us from the ducks, whose gubble came to us faintly on the wind, like the chatter of old ladies at a tea party, we saw fresh bear signs. The tracks measured a good eight inches across. "There was a black bear in here the other day," Beall said. When we neared the far end of the point, the teal jumped, well out of range, and hustled around the other side. It was to become an all-too-familiar sight.

As the afternoon waned, we picked up two more bluebills and Don Sullivan fell in the mud. The teal outsmarted us at every turn. We headed back to the lodge. The Texans had returned from the Agulapuk, where the rainbows had been all of a size: about four or five pounds

continued



Lonely and austere, the hovering shanty stood on a point with Mount Katmai looking over its shoulder.



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ALASKA

continued

Charlie Cook, while walking the tundra from one rapids to another, had fallen in a sink hole. "He was pushing along through that waist-high grass, complaining about the rough going, when all of a sudden—zip—he was gone."

"The damn thing was man-deep," said Charlie, laughing. "Man, I'd hate to have to walk out of this country. It would take you a year to go 20 miles. To top it off, I managed to fall in the river when we got back to it. Talk about cold."

The next morning Martin flew four of us down to the Alaska Peninsula to hunt ducks and geese. "Even though it's only 50 minutes away by plane," he said, "it's a completely different country. Probably the best game area left in North America. Barren-ground caribou, brown bear, wolves, wolverine, moose, ptarmigan and more ducks and geese than you could believe existed." Crossing Bristol Bay, an arm of the Bering Sea just south of Dillingham, we could see Mount Katmai shining off to the left, and ahead the snow-covered Peninsular range. From the mountains to the sea the land lay flat and grassy, broken everywhere by sloughs and ponds and mud flats. "A few thousand years ago the mountains and the glaciers ran right down into the sea," Martin said. "All this flat land has been reclaimed from the sea. The wave action piles up sand and silt and holds it there, then piles up more. Look—caribou!"

A dozen gray shags stalked in file across the ridged muskegs. Martin dove down to 200 feet for a better view. The lead bull had a huge rack. "A non-resident can only hunt here with a guide," Martin said, "and a fully outfitted hunt would run about \$3,000. If you wanted to add a grizzly to the caribou, it would be a \$6,000 job." The farther down the peninsula we flew, the more caribou we saw. It would be tough hunting, though, hiking the muskegs and skirting the mucky sloughs.

The hunting shanty that would be home base for the next two days stood lonely and austere on a point of land just south of the town of Egegik. A few miles to the north, the Bering Sea was busy building more land with its long, rolling



Mary Martin helps husband Bill celebrate his birthday.

rollers. To the east, an icy inlet footed the distant mountains. Duck and geese by the thousand dotted the water, huge rafts of them feeding right beside the cabin. They flushed as we landed and the sky was black with birds. The weather was lowering, gunmetal clouds scudding under the push of a gusty wind. Fine weather for ducks, as they say.

Martin left us in the care of a lean, bearded Texan named Bryan Hatch, 32. The best that could be said for the cabin was that it kept out the wind, the worst was that the stove didn't work. But there were plenty of ducks. Walking out the cabin door, I hadn't taken four steps when a wedge of widgeons came angling in from my right. I dropped the leader but missed my second shot. Soon the guns were popping all around. We hunkered in the high grass at the end of a point, trying to drop our birds over land, if possible or at least not too far out in the gumbo-bottomed water. Widgeon, pintail, mallard, green-wing teal and lesser Canada geese swirled and rose and settled back in, only to fly at the next gunshot. Don Sullivan got bogged in the mud again, second day in a row, and fell face forward, emerging like The Heap and smelling like a septic tank. The trick to crossing the soft spots, we soon learned, was to move fast with a quick, bow-legged trot, keeping the toes pointed down-

ward. If you stopped for even a few seconds, you were hopelessly mired. Hatch was the master bog-trotter, moving so fast and light-footed that one could imagine him walking on water.

Toward dusk, hunting the flats east of the cabin, we crossed the path of a band of caribou. The bull and his harem passed not 200 yards from us. As the bull paused to look at us, the last light caught the wide, palmate spread of his antlers and turned them to pewter. Then the band spooked and moved out, jogging with that long-legged, rocking-horse gait that looks so awkward but in reality is the only way to travel this country. Checking out their tracks, we saw how the long, wide, two-toed hooves spread on the soft ground, enabling an animal that weighs 500 pounds to cover ground in which a small man would sink.

A few belts of bourbon, a dinner of chili and home-baked bread, and we bunked in for the night. The next day dawned on bluebird weather—not a cloud in the sky and a thin skim of ice on the slough edges. It was a better day for dining in the tall grass than for hunting. At one point, a red fox trotted past a lie where three of us lay in ambush. He was already in his winter pelage—fur so thick that his legs seemed stunted and the tips of his ears barely peaked over the rich red pelt. "Probably looking to pick up some of our cripples," said Hatch.

Owls hunted the flats at dawn and dusk. In the still air, one could actually feel the slow pulse of the surf miles away; the combined voices of a few hundred thousand geese and ducks surged every now and then to a racket that would put a Latin American soccer crowd to shame. All day strings of geese—mainly lesser Canada and snows—yelped across the sky, usually well out of range. Ducks, flying in small squabbling families from pond to pond, offered more shots, but if they were moving on the wind, it was difficult to give them enough lead. Scaups, yellowlegs and jacksnipe whistled past, breaking and darting at the sight of the gunners below them. In the clear, cold air, the sunset transmuted the distant glaciers into rivers of molten gold. By the time Bill Martin returned for us the fol-

continued

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ROSE'S. FOR DRINKS WITH TASTE.

ALASKA

continued

lowing morning, the cabin had become home. It would be easy to live a whole life in that marshland and never get bored.

Heading back to the Tikchik country, we overflew thousands of emperor geese—a small, gray goose that for the most part restricts its migration to Alaska, though a few winter as far south as northern California. Hair seals thronged the offshore reefs, and sea otters bobbed in clusters beyond the surf line, playing and fishing. Nearly extinct at the turn of the century, they have come back strongly under strict protection. A dead whale adorned the beach north of Pilot Point, its carcass wreathed by gulls who had already nearly flensed it to the bone. More caribou. Many more caribou. "And this is only a shadow of what the country was like 10 years ago," said Martin.

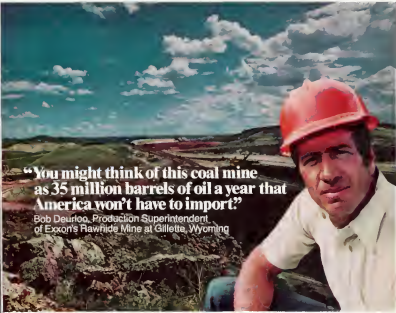
At the lodge, Lew Little was all smiles. The big rainbows were back in the rapids across from the point. He had taken a 10½-pound "trophy" the afternoon before. Back to the water!

Of all the motives for fishing—from simple hunger to the more complex desire for trophies—perhaps the most laudable is that which drives men to strange new waters in pursuit of strange new fish. It was that sort of compulsion, next morning, that planted Charlie Cook hip deep in the ice water of Gechick Lake, far to the southwest of the lodge, and kept him squinting for hours on end into a steel-edged breeze while his purple fingers worked the fly rod. Even if the largest brown bear in Alaska had walked up behind him, it's doubtful that Cook would have noticed. The metronome of his fly-rod would keep right on ticking, the sinking line snaking out again and again over the dropoff beyond the gravel bar that marks the inlet of Gechick. Such was the strength of his compulsion.

And, of course, it was rewarded. Two hours after he first wet his line, Cook's rod tip bent and bucked; he straightened with a nearly audible creak from his crouch and the reel began to chatter. A blue-green fish with silvery sides spotted in pink vaulted from the water and headed into the deep. Cook checked its run, turned the fish, recovered some line, then stood helpless as the fish surged again, with this run taking him well into the backing. Some 20 minutes and half a doz-

continued

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Our coal development is part of Exxon's activities to find and to supply more energy for America, from America.



ALASKA

continued

en jumps later. Cook brought the fish to hand. Gently easing the fly from its jaw, he sent it back into the deeper water off the bar.

"I've waited 50 years for that fish," he said. "It was worth every second."

The fish was a sea-run Arctic char, and with it Charlie Cook had completed his life-list of the major North American trout, Iowa-born and fly-fisherman since he can remember. Cook has fished the upper Middle West, the Rockies, the Canadian Northwest Territories and

even the British Isles, but this was his first Arctic char. It wouldn't be the last. Before the day was out, he would be taking char on every cast.

According to McChane's *New Standard Fishing Encyclopedia*, the Arctic char evolved during the Pleistocene ice ages when a land bridge separated the Arctic Ocean from the Pacific. The chars caught to the south of the bridge became what we today call the Dolly Varden (itself named for the girl in Dickens' *Barnaby Rudge* who always wore a pink-

spotted dress). The other chars are the brook trout and the lake trout. The Arctic char, though, is the only one with circumpolar distribution, occurring in Iceland (as the *Alenkja*), Norway (*tröjel*), Sweden (*röding*), Great Britain (*Wandermer char*), France (*tomble chevalier*), Germany (*der Seesaibling*) and Russia (*putyal*).

The grace point when it comes to Arctic char is the magnificent coloration they adopt during the fall spawning season. Along their underparts the males turn a

THE FRAGILE GIANT

For all its vast and rugged scope, Alaska is fragile almost to the point of delicacy. Scattered by the passage of a D-9 Caterpillar tractor, a stretch of tundra may take a decade to heal itself. Dwarf birch and willow trees not much bigger than shrubs in the Lower Forty-Eight are actually venerable octogenarians with a frail grip on life. Even a single burly boronground grizzly, one of the strongest and fiercest animals on earth, needs 100 square miles of territory for forage. And the Arctic caribou herd of 240,000 animals—a seeming ocean of undulating antlers and meat during migration—must have 90 million acres of empty land to fulfill its role in the ecosystem. In the icy waters where winter is unrelieved by sunlight, fish grow slowly at best. Thus the slightest excess of pressure can empty a stream or lake system of life in no time.

Because of this fragility, the fact that Alaska is now in a turmoil of undeclared civil war could spell disaster in short order for America's biggest state. The war, of course, is between preservationists and developers over the future land use of the state's 375.3 million acres. And on a lesser—but more violent—level, between Alaska's 65,000 "natives" (Aleuts, Eskimos and Indians) and the rest of the state's 335,000 residents.

In 1959, after Alaska entered the union as the 49th state, the Federal Government allowed Alaskans to select 104.4 million acres for future economic development. Unfortunately, the Statehood Act ignored the claims of the natives for land. That oversight was rectified in 1971 with the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, which gave the tribes 43.7 million acres surrounding their communities and a cash settlement of \$962 million—or

\$14,800 per man, woman and child. Suddenly the natives were rich beyond their wildest dreams. At the same time, the government ordered the Interior Department to tick off another 80 million acres for four proposed systems: national parks, wildlife refuges, wild or scenic rivers and national forests. Two years later, then Secretary of the Interior Rogers C. B. Morton proposed to the President and Congress that the acreage be increased to 83.4 million. However, Congress failed to act. In 1976 there was a great flurry of activity because environmentalists realized legislation had to be passed by Dec. 18, 1978 or, by the terms of the President's order, the protective withdrawal would lapse and the lands would revert to "multiple use"—a euphemism for development and exploitation—under the Bureau of Land Management.

On Jan. 4 of this year, Rep. Morris Udall (D., Ariz.), a noted environmentalist, introduced new legislation (HR-39) that would up the acreage in question to 116 million, doubling the size of the U.S. national park system, and in effect locking it up for all time.

Then last September, before Udall's bill was voted on by the Alaska Lands Subcommittee, Secretary of the Interior Cecil Andrus proposed to Subcommittee Chairman John Seiberling that only 93 million acres be included in the four systems. Seiberling and Udall then jointly revised HR-39, setting the figure at 102 million acres, and the bill was adopted as the document for further congressional deliberation by the subcommittee.

HR-39 outraged many Alaskans. Here the natives had been given a huge hunk of good land, and now the Feds were proposing a lock-up of most of the rest. Alaska's Senator Ted

Stevens and Representative Don Young, both Republicans, retaliated with an antilockup scheme. They would like to see only 25 million acres designated as "core areas" with strict antidevelopment safeguards; these cores to be surrounded by another 55 million acres in "buffer" areas, which would be overseen by a joint federal-state commission empowered to classify the lands as either "restorative" or "diversified" (i.e., exploitable). If a valuable oil or mineral strike were made on these lands, they could be immediately opened to development. The fight between the lockup faction and the use-it types is unresolved, but deep down many Alaskans feel that the lockups will ultimately win.

While these arguments raged, the newly wealthy natives were getting richer. Ranging out from their own lands in new boats powered by new motors and new heavy-duty monofilament gill nets that they could barely afford before, they began taking fish as if there were no tomorrow. With their new rifles and shotguns, they blazed every bear, moose or caribou that crossed their paths. Though nominally subject to state fish and game regulations, arrested natives usually demand a jury trial. And because the trial is inevitably held in their own village, they get off either scot-free or with a slap on the wrist and a sly wink. Last year, for instance, a boatload of Eskimos in the Kotikuk Lakes region were nabbed by wardens with more than their limit of rainbow trout. The natives had in their possession 77 rainbows that averaged—repeat, averaged—10 pounds. Each of those fish represented from \$1,000 to \$3,000 in lodge and guide fees to the scattered fishing-camp owners of the region. The Eskimos were acquitted.

Lodge owners who speak out against the native depredations find that the war pipe can be quickly relit. One owner on Lake Ilamna,

bright reddish orange, almost Day-Glo gaudy, while the dorsal surface and the head turn a midnight black just tinged with green. The ivory-colored leading edges of their pectoral, pelvic and anal fins highlight the fireworks. Sea-run fish come in bright silver, then quickly go to blue accented by the pale pink spots. Arctic of more than 25 pounds have been taken from the sea-run population, while the landlocked variety rarely exceeds eight pounds.

The trick to catching Arctic char, as

Cook quickly discovered, is to work your fly all the way in. Like the Dolly, this fish will often stalk a fly or a spinner all the way back to the rod tip. I hooked one—a veritable light-show of a male—not six feet from the toes of my waders, and Doug Reid caught and released five bright males from a pool in the Geshiak inlet that couldn't have measured 40 feet from head to tail.

Mixed in with the char at Geshiak Lake were swarms of tough little rainbows, none of them bigger

continued

who was quoted as being a critic of native fishing techniques, returned to his lodge in the spring to find it ruined. The freezer had been destroyed, water pipes ripped out, windows smashed, outbuildings burned. He is now out of business, as are others who have left their places untended over the winter to come back and find nothing but a pile of damp ashes.

"The Togalak," says lodge owner Bill Martin, "is the greatest natural sport-fishing stream in North America. Nine species of fish use it—king, silver, red, dog and chum salmon, rainbow, char, grayling. Dolly among the trout."

"Take the reds, or sockeye, as some people call them. Five years ago, when they pulled a count in the Nuyakuk, about 28,000 sockeye came up the river to spawn. This year—the return year for that species—230,000 fish returned. That's an eight-to-one return, when 1% to one is considered good. Such a strong return shows that the river can be immensely productive so long as men don't kill off the spawners. It was phenomenal."

"Take the silvers in the Togalak. The fresh-fish buyers came in and offered 62¢ a pound—hard cash—to the natives for them. And the natives responded. They took 75% of all the spawning fish out of the river, gillnetting. It was totally illegal—the most flagrant destruction of a resource that I've seen in 14 years up here. Worse than anything I saw in 7½ years as a game warden. Those fresh-fish buyers turned around and sold the fish for a good profit—five or six bucks a pound. Over four million pounds of fish were shipped out on one airline alone. Western, Northwest and JAL had a record year for flying fresh fish out of Alaska and the buyers paid two- and sometimes three-to-one over the cannery prices. It's the worst ripoff I've ever seen and the Togalak River suffered."

"I don't blame the natives. They should

have all their aboriginal rights, just as the Native Claims Act grants them. But they should be required to fish with wicker fykes, rock leads, bone spears—not with 70-horse outboard motors and nylon monofilament gill nets. They build those nets with cable-lay mono—20 to 50 denier. You can hang a moose on that stuff. I'd feel safe tying up my plane with three strands of it. In the old days, a big long could bust his way through a wicker fyke. Not anymore."

"The real story up here isn't the pipeline," Martin says. "That's just a spider thread through lizard country. The real story is the impending demise of the salmon because of bucks and the natives. Nobody in Alaska or Outside knows what the natives are doing to the salmon and the freshwater species. Is the killing of the fish necessary for subsistence when the natives have over \$900 million in their pockets and 43.7 million acres of land—over half the bottom land in Alaska?"

"Nobody knows what the industrialists have planned for Alaska. I'm not a lockup kind of person, but I'm in favor of Udall's bill to turn most of Alaska into a national park. When it comes to wildlife resources, Udall is right, for now at least. This isn't popular with most Alaskans, but it makes sense to me. Let's conserve the resource. We can always open it up later, when we know what's there and how long it can last under what kind of pressure. Why not just set on it for a while? See how to allot it, how to develop it. The main thing is, they've got to control these natives. Eight more years of this and it's going to be gone. They violate the law and get away with it because they are natives. In the Togalak silver-salmon slaughter, the white buyers knew where the illegal silvers were coming from."

"Well, when they're done we can put it in a hatchery."

—R.F.J.

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ALASKA

continued

than four pounds and most in the two-pound category. The rainbows far outperformed their distant relatives in acrobatics—Focke-Wulf 190s as compared to Brewster Buffaloes—but since the name of the game that day was char, they got to be a nuisance.

Imagine it: rainbow trout a nuisance! That's got to be angler's heaven.

Later we flew down the Togiak River, prospecting for schools of fish fresh in from the sea. Martin spotted some in a long, gravel-bottomed stretch just above a set of rapids and we put down. Dead, spawned-out salmon—mainly kings and cohos—carpeted the bottom, but when we cast out into the riffles at midstream we picked up char on almost every throw. Cook took 15 on 17 casts. These fish were spightlier than the ones up in Geshiak, leaping and tearing off line. We kept a few to eat. The flesh was firm, bright orange and delicately flavored. Altogether an exemplary fish in an exemplary setting.

Rusty Beall was waiting on the gravel bar when we landed. A party of Eskimos, he reported, headed upriver this afternoon. "Three men and five guns," he said. "They told me they were going to kill anything that moves. Except people." Beall laughed. "That made me feel a little better."

As we walked up to the lodge, Mary Martin called out but no one could see her. She was under the house, the world's loveliest mole, having just soldered three water pipes that burst during last night's unseasonable freeze. While her husband and son Robert went down to refute the Cevina, she informed us that today was Bill's 40th birthday. She sure didn't want him to come back from a hard day's fishing and discover that the pipes had gone pop.

Dinner was ducks à la mode de Mary, the flesh marinated and sweet, breaking loose from the bone at the touch of a tine, awash in a sauce of wine, sour cream and unnamed herbs. Mary was out of her frontierswoman costume—slacks, sweater and mukluks—and into an evening gown, replete with mantilla. She had worked minor magic on her hair, her eyes and her face.

With such a wife, and such a land to hunt and fish in, one could only envy Bill Martin.

END

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A Japanese kamikaze plane thunders toward the deck of the new U.S. carrier Hornet in 1945. It missed, as did all others that attacked the ship during 52 days of action.



In the last days of the Battle of France, two German engineers use a flame thrower to mop up Maginot Line defenders.



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...and all through the house, not a creature was stirring except the two of you as you sipped Amaretto di Saronno. The *originale*, beautifully wrapped for the holidays in the green velvet box with roses on the cover. The gift of love from Saronno, the village of love. Whether you give it, or receive it, Amaretto di Saronno means a memorable night after.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

CHEERING SECTION

Sir

Your Nov. 28 college basketball cover was your best effort of the year. Indiana State's Larry Bird does indeed look explosive, but the two ISU cheerleaders appear even more exciting.

BOB SELDEN
Holmdel, N.J.

Sir

Indiana State is guaranteed at least one winning team this basketball season.

JAY MYER
Quarryville, Pa.

Sir

Forget Larry Bird. Who are those beautiful cheerleaders?

NEIL GAFFNEY
Fords, N.J.

• Sharon Senefelt, a junior, is the cheerleader on the left and Marcia Staub, a sophomore, the one on the right.—ED

THE TOP 20

Sir

I want to thank SI twice. Once for ranking the Kentucky Wildcats No. 1 in college basketball (Scouting Report, Nov. 28) and a second time for not putting them on your cover.

DAVID KINER
Lexington, Ky.

Sir

The Marquette Warriors should have been ranked first.

BRYAN DOBLET
Oconomowoc, Wis.

Sir

How can you have teams like Syracuse, Holy Cross and Cincinnati ahead of UCLA and North Carolina? And where is Nevada-Las Vegas?

LARRY REYES
San Valley, Calif.

Sir

North Carolina 16th? No way. Dean Smith's Tar Heels (Phil Ford, Mike O'Koren) and all aren't about to settle for that.

ED BRACKETT
Hendersonville, N.C.

Sir

You are truly going to regret your decision not to put Michigan in the Top 20. With or without Phil Hubbard, the Wolverines will be heard from this year.

MARK MELKHOF
Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE TOP 10

Sir

In Nancy Williamson's preview of the women's teams (The Women Crash In, Nov.

28) the emphasis was on large colleges taking over the game on the national level. But don't bury the small colleges yet.

Southern Connecticut State College (enrollment 6,800) is the only team to have earned nine straight berths in AIAW national tournaments, beginning with the national invitation tournaments, and had two players on the 1976 U.S. Olympic team at Montreal. Last season the Owls placed sixth in the AIAW national championships and this season they have lost only one player through graduation, yet Southern wasn't even mentioned in the story.

Let teams like UCLA go to one national championship tournament before giving them a big buildup. The Bruins get attention every year and haven't made it out of their region yet.

RICHARD P. LEDDY
Hamden, Conn.

Sir

I really appreciated your article about women's collegiate basketball. It is about time the Southeast region was recognized as the toughest in the country. However, the University of South Carolina will be emerging in the next couple of years to contest the powers of the Southeast. South Carolina has made a commitment to upgrade its women's program with the hiring of Pam Parsons. She was responsible for bringing Old Dominion's program into national prominence in only three years.

CHRIS COLEMAN
Virginia Beach, Va.

Sir

No longer does Kansas State dominate Midwestern women's basketball. On Nov. 26 K-State was beaten 70-58 by Missouri for third place in the Plainview (Texas) Queens Classic. Missouri also defeated Long Beach State 87-81 in the first round at Plainview. Coach Joan Rutherford's team currently stands at 5-1, with the lone loss coming at Wayland Baptist.

PEEL WUNSCH
Columbia, Mo.

THE AFC'S BIG THREE

Sir

AFC superiority over NFC (Vince, You Wouldn't Believe It, Nov. 21)? Correct! It's a matter of cold statistical fact. Why? I think it is very clear. It's the Big Three of Baltimore, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. In 1970 they helped to form the AFC by joining the 10 AFL clubs. In seven complete seasons since then, the three teams have won three Super Bowls, three conference championships, eight divisional championships, three wild-card

spots and 166 regular-season games (42 more than they lost). At least one of the Big Three has been in the AFC playoffs each year, and two of them have been in the playoffs in four of the seven years.

The remaining AFC teams have accounted for three Super Bowls, four conference championships and have lost 48 regular season games more than they have won (make whatever adjustment you wish for the records of the expansion teams). As of Nov. 23, the 10th week of this season, the AFC had won 75 and lost 65, but it was 54-56 without the Big Three record of 21 wins and nine losses.

What I think we have is not domination of the NFC by the AFC as much as domination of both conferences by the Big Three. Their seven-year postmerger record of 166 won, 124 lost is a continuation of their premerger record for their last seven years in the NFL—166 won, 116 lost. Their AFC record added to the NFC would make that conference a winner in six of the seven postmerger seasons—subtracted from the AFC, it would make the AFC a loser in all but the 1974 season.

Eleven years of the common draft have equalized the AFL and the NFL, but not the Big Three. Each of them appears to be in the ascendancy now and, except that each currently is coached by a disciple of an "old" NFL stalwart, each has done it differently. Baltimore, with a change in management, has been up and down, but is very much up now under a George Allen disciple, Ted Marchbroda. Cleveland, under the same management throughout, likewise has been down and is now up again under a Vince Lombardi pupil, Forrest Gregg. Pittsburgh, which never won a championship in the "old" NFL, now has made five straight playoffs under a Paul Brown disciple, Chuck Noll.

The most valid conclusion from all this seems to be a vindication of the judgment of the magnates of the AFL who thought it worth \$18 million to join the NFL of the owners of the Big Three, who wanted \$9 million to move in the opposite direction, and of the NFL officials who, once they recognized the need for equalization, "overequaled."

WILLINGTON T. MARA
President
New York Football Giants Inc.
East Rutherford, N.J.

MARTY REISMAN

Sir

Having started to play table tennis in 1944 (about one month before the great Marty Reisman) at Lawrence's Broadway Table Tennis Club, I want to thank Ray Kennedy for a

(continued)

Home runs are a mistake

by Reggie Jackson



To err is divine.

This may surprise you, but a home run is actually a mistake! Instead of hitting the ball smack on the button, you've caught it slightly below dead center.

When I hit the ball dead center, I don't get a home run. I get a screaming line drive. Which is also quite pleasant.

You'll hear people say that you've got to swing up at the ball to belt it a long way. I don't agree. To get under a knee-high ball, your shoulder has to dip. You'll be awkward, and you may not get a hit at all. Swing up at a higher ball and you'll probably foul it off or pop it up.

Always swing slightly down on the ball. It's a shorter stroke, so it gives you more time to wait on the pitch. And you'll cut down the chances of overswinging or putting a hitch in your swing. (An exception to this would be when you want to hit a sacrifice fly, but that's pretty advanced stuff and difficult to hit.)

Don't.

Don't try for distance. Ever. The long ball is generally the result of natural gifts. In my case, strength. If you press for distance that's beyond your natural capacity, you reduce the chances of making contact.

Don't use a bat that's too heavy. Hitting power comes from bat speed, not size.

Pick one that's light enough to whip into the ball. I'm strong enough to swing a 42-ounce club, but I don't. I prefer the control I get with a 36-ounce bat... or sometimes even a 35-ouncer.

Don't mimic idols. You could be forcing your body to go against its own natural style. It could slow down your learning process.

The big stripe.

Your legs are the strongest part of your body.

When they get tired, your whole body gets tired. That's why a good shoe is so important. It won't sap your strength—and speed—the way a poor shoe can.

I helped Puma® design their baseball shoes, and I was probably the first player to wear them, back in 1973.

Just about everyone I know will slit his baseball shoe for comfort. But I can put Puma on and not worry about a blister from the very first day.

They're light and flexible for foot speed. Yet they're strong enough so your feet and legs don't take a beating and get tired quickly.

Should you wear Puma? My opinion is, if you take pride in how you play, you've earned your stripe. You've earned the right to wear Puma.

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If you can't read, you can't hit.

A fastball is travelling maybe 90 miles an hour. A sinker will do about 85. A slider, around 75 to 80. A curve ball, 60. And a change-up, maybe 50 miles an hour.

So right there you have five different kinds of speeds that you have to be able to recognize instantly by reading the rotation on the ball.

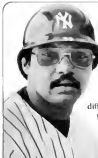
Don't watch the pitcher's hand if you want to see the ball early.

Watch the area where he's going to release the ball.

I first start to see the ball about 10 or 15 feet after it leaves his hand. By the time it's halfway to the plate, I pick up the rotation of the ball... and my brain automatically calculates the speed and starts computing my stride and setting the timing of my swing.

It all has to happen in a tiny fraction of a second. Which is why hitting a baseball isn't easy.

But if you can't read the ball, you can't hit it.



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Reggie Jackson (aided by Joel Cohen) is the author of *Inside Hitting*, a comprehensive guide to hitting techniques.

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19TH HOLE continued

brilliant article on the finest natural talent in table tennis has ever seen [A Little Night Music, Nov. 21]. Whenever U.S. players gather to talk about the greats, past or present, Reinman's name is foremost.

Two minor corrections. My recollection is that the bullet holes were behind table No. 7 not No. 5. And the person who tossed Reinman out of the 1945 nationals was Graham B. Sierenhoven, as you stated, but he was only a vice-president of the U.S. Table Tennis Association at the time. Sierenhoven subsequently made history when he led the U.S. world team to China in 1971, at which time he was president of the USTTA.

Having been part of the scene at the Broadway club for some eight years, been hustled many times by Marty and been active in the USTTA for about 33 years, I feel Kennedy has caught a unique flavor that no longer exists in table tennis. The modern "sponge" game demands totally trained athletes. There is no gambling to speak of. Ah, for the "good old days!"

JOHN C. READ
Bloomington, Ill.

■ Concerning the bullet holes, here is Reinman's reply. "To my friend and ever-gracious victim John Read, I can only humbly suggest that the pocketmarks in the wall behind table No. 7 were not made by bullets but by my forehead blasts!"—ED

Sir:
Ray Kennedy's article about Marty Reinman was every bit as colorful as its subject. Well done!

DEAN KAPLAN
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Sir,
I am mystified as to why **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** feels hustling is worthy of an article. Taking advantage of unsuspecting people is not a praiseworthy accomplishment. Romanticizing smuggling and the black market is not worthy of your magazine.

DENNIS L. QUIRING
Redondo Beach, Calif.

ANOTHER TOP-ROOKIE TRADE

Sir,
A letter in your Nov. 21 issue pointed out that 1976 National League Co-Rookie of the Year Pat Zachry was traded by the Cincinnati Reds to the New York Mets in the Tom Seaver deal. Bud Metzger, the other Co-Rookie, was also traded—by the San Diego Padres to the St. Louis Cardinals for John D'Acquisto and Pat Scanlon.

JERRY SPALLING
Frankfort, Ky.

FREE-THROW RECORD

Sir,
In an editor's note on a letter in your June 7, 1976 issue, you listed a number of basketball free-throw records, including mine. This letter is to let your readers know that on Sunday, Oct. 23 I shot 80 consecutive free

throws while blindfolded, which I believe is a world record. There were three witnesses, one of whom is a staff member of the San Jose (Calif.) Central YMCA.

I had been practicing blindfolded four to six hours a week for the previous four months. At one of the practice sessions I made 182 consecutive free throws with my eyes shut, but the throws were not witnessed. I plan to continue shooting before witnesses and expect to improve the record with time.

FRED L. NEWMAN
Sunnyvale, Calif.

MORE NOMINATIONS

Sir,
My nomination for Sportsman of the Year goes to Guy Lafleur.

JAY NORTHERMAN
Montreal

Sir,
The Montreal Canadiens.

JIM NEWMAN
Annandale, Va.

Sir,
Tony Dorsett.

PAT B. QUINN
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir,
Ken Stabler.

MARK LAZENBY
Abingdon, Va.

Sir,
John McKay.

RUSSELL SCHMIDT JR.
New Kensington, Pa.

Sir,
Lynn Swann.

RON DUBURRY
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Sir,
Speedskater Eric Heiden.

STAN ESPERMAN
Kristiansand, Norway

Sir,
Bill Vecek.

JOE P. BELL
Hazel Park, Mich.

Sir,
Sparky Lyle.

BARRY MOORE
Villa Grove, Ill.

Sir,
The late Tony Hulman.

STEVEN W. SCHMIDT
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sir,
Good ol' Cale Yarborough.

KEITH CATTELL SMITH
Miami

Sir,
George Willig, the Human Fly.

LEE A. CROSLING
Le Roy, N.Y.

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